

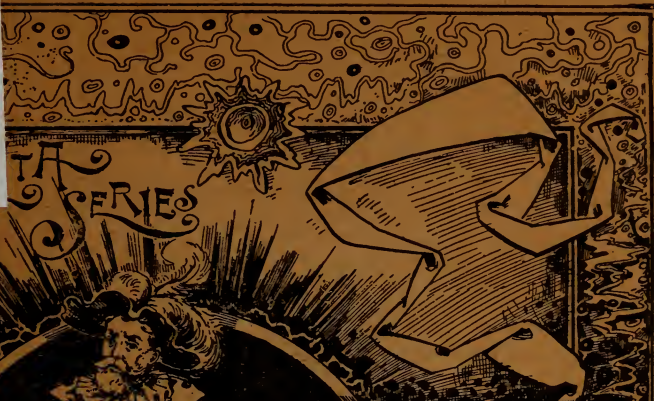
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1916

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**Kicked Out
of College**

PRICE 25 CENTS

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

CHICAGO



DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

**Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
Price 15c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given**

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Convention of Papas, 25 min.	(25c)	7
Country Justice, 15 min.	(25c)	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	(25c)	3 2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

KICKED OUT OF COLLEGE

A COLLEGE FARCE IN THREE ACTS

A COMPANION PLAY TO "A COLLEGE TOWN"

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Abbu San of Old Japan," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "The Fascinators," "Laughing Water," "Macbeth à la Mode," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Parlor Matches," "A Poor Married Man," "Rose o' My Heart," "A Rustic Romeo," "Sewing for the Heathen," "A Southern Cinderella," "Saxageland,"
Etc., Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

[1916]

PS3515
A575K5
1916

KICKED OUT OF COLLEGE

CHARACTERS.

- BOOTLES BENBOW *A Popular Senior*
- TAD CHESELDINE *The College Cut-up*
- LEVITICUS *The Ace of Spades*
- SCOTCH McALLISTER *A Hard Student*
- SHORTY LONG *On the Glee Club*
- SLIVERS MAGEE *A Happy Junior*
- MR. BENJAMIN J. BENBOW *Bootles' Father*
- MR. SANDY McCANN *Coach of the Dramatic Club*
- OFFICER RILEY *From the Emerald Isle*
- MR. GEARS *Of the Speed Motor Car Company*
- JONQUIL GRAY *The Little Chauffeur*
- BETTY BENBOW *Bootles' Sister*
- MRS. B. J. BENBOW *Her Mother, a Suffragette*
- "MA" BAGGSBY *A Popular Landlady*
- MRS. MEHITABEL McCANN *A Jealous Wife*
- SELINA McCANN *Aged Thirteen*
- MISS JULIET SNOBBS *The College Stenographer*
- Mlle. MIMI FLEURETTE *A French Costumer*
- SALAMANCA SPIVINS *A Black Wash-lady*

ACT I. A College Boarding House. Bootles' first little wife.

ACT II. Suite in Honeymoon Flats. Bootles' second little wife.

ACT III. Same scene as Act II. Bootles' third little wife.

PLACE—*Any College Town.*

TIME—*Present Day.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes.*

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers.

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MAY 13 1916

no. 1.

“Oh, college days, dear college days,
The years may come, the years may go,
But still my thoughts will ever turn
To college days of long ago.”

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Bootles Benbow, the most popular boy in college, is so busy with inventing a patent air brake and with his various social and athletic activities that he finds it impossible to go to class. Accordingly he is dropped from the roll and is “kicked out of college.” This news is received at the college boarding house when the lads are in the midst of a rehearsal for the annual college play. Bootles’ father arrives and is furious to think that his son has wasted his opportunities at college. He threatens to disinherit Bootles, but promises to relent if Bootles will marry and settle down. Sandy McCann, the coach of the dramatic club, is always trying to “fix” things for his friends. He therefore informs Mr. Benbow that Bootles is already married and introduces Bootles’ roommate, Tad Cheseldine, who is the leading “lady” of the college play, as Bootles’ wife.

The scheme works successfully. Bootles and Tad move to Honeymoon Flats and live off the fat of the land, entertaining the college boys every night and doing as they please by day. Bootles completes his blue print drawing of his patent air brake and sends it to the Speed Motor Car Company. In the meantime the supply of money provided by Mr. Benbow is running short. A colored wash-lady, one Salamanca Spivins, calls to collect a bill and discovers the fact that the so-called Mrs. Benbow is a man in disguise. She informs the police and immediate discovery is prevented only by additional advice from the ever-ready Sandy. Why not introduce another wife? No sooner said than done, and Mlle. Fleurette, a French costumer, is introduced as Bootles’ wife. She is wife No. 2.

A suffrage parade is held and Bootles' father and mother arrive to visit him. Both wives appear on the scene at the same time and Mrs. Benbow, Sr., is informed by the faithful Sandy that Bootles has joined the Mormons and has two wives.

Bootles' father is not so easily taken in. He employs a detective to search out the truth. This detective is really an absurd Irish policeman, and when he tries to disguise himself as a Freshman he is hazed by the students and tossed in a blanket. At last the truth comes out. Mr. Benbow threatens to disinherit his son, but the agent of the Motor Car Company accepts Bootles' air brake and makes him a liberal offer for it. The faculty reconsider Bootles' expulsion and he is allowed to re-enter college. Under the circumstances his father relents and he wins the hand of Miss Jonquil Gray and promises soon to introduce her as his third little wife.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I. Room in "Ma" Baggsby's college boarding house. College pranks. The new "fawncy dawnces." Tad Cheseldine, the college cut-up, and his chum, Bootles Benbow. "I've always told Bootles that he ought to go to class at least once a week." The auto race. A rehearsal for the college play. "They say the cheild is in London." Betty and Jonquil visit the college. "I thought you were my long-lost darling baby!" Jonquil and Bootles each think the other deaf. Kicked out of college. "Get married and settle down!" Bootles introduces his first little wife.

ACT II. Suite of rooms in Honeymoon Flats. The Benbows entertain. Salamanca Spivins, the black wash-lady, on a rampage. "Bootles, pay the lady what you owe her." "Pay her yourself, you're my wife." "He's done gone and married a man!" Bootles at work on his patent air brake. Fleurette, the lady from gay Paree. Salamanca returns with Riley, the cop. Bootles introduces his second little wife. A little tea party. The suffragette parade. The jeal-

ous Mrs. McCann makes it hot for Sandy. "How many wives have you?" "He's joined the Mormons and hath taken unto himself two wives, and they're both suffragettes."

ACT III. Same as Act II. Bootles tries to explain. "The doctor positively forbids me to kiss anyone; it's not good for my complexion." Mr. Benbow begins to be suspicious. Riley, the cop, becomes a detective. "Not one penny of my money will ever come his way." "My wife, Flora McFlimsy." Jonquil and Betty get wise. "Im awfully glad you're not married, Bootles." Riley, disguised as a Freshman, gets the third degree. A trip to the moon. Mr. Gears offers Bootles five thousand dollars for his invention. Bootles becomes a student once again. The third little wife.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BOOTLES—A good-looking youth of about twenty. Sporty college clothes for Act I. On first entrance wear auto coat, cap, gauntlets and goggles. Neat summer suit for Act II. The same for Act III.

TAD—Bright, quick in movement, loud in voice. Gaudy college clothes in Act I. Change to female costume complete, with silk hose, girl's pumps, corsets, yellow wig, red paper muslin dress covered with tiny black ruffles of mosquito bar edged with red crepe paper. Large red hat, parasol and shopping bag. In Act II white summer suit. Change to same female costume as in Act I.

LEVITICUS—Negro make-up. Funny clothes, large shoes, etc. Butler's apron. In Act II wear a cook's cap. In Act III, funny top hat, cane, etc.

SCOTCH—Wig of very long hair, tiny cap, eccentric clothes too small for him. Large library spectacles. Studies on all occasions.

SHORTY—Snappy college clothes.

SLIVERS—Similar to Shorty.

MR. BENBOW—Aged fifty-five. Gray wig and mustache.

Neat summer suit of a prosperous business man. Speaks loud and commandingly. Carries a small tin box of crackers in his pocket. Nose glasses.

MCCANN—Funny little man with red hair and mustache. Loud clothes. Aged thirty-five.

RILEY—Irish make-up. Red wig, whiskers all around face, etc. Policeman's suit, hat and club.

MR. GEARS—Similar to Mr. Benbow.

JONQUIL—Aged nineteen. Neat auto dress and bonnet in Act I. Summer dress with parasol in Act III.

BETTY—Similar to Jonquil.

MRS. BENBOW—Gray hair, lorgnettes, fashionable summer clothes.

MRS. BAGGSBY—Calico dress in Act I. Gray hair, glasses. Plump figure. Old-fashioned dress, shawl and bonnet in Act II.

MRS. MCCANN—Played by large woman with loud voice, aged thirty-three. Neat walking costume for summer. Umbrella.

SELINA. Aged thirteen. Short dress, tam cap, etc. Summer clothes.

JULIET—Rather loud summer dress and hat.

FLEURETTE—Similar to Juliet. In Act II wear red dress similar to Tad's, with parasol, bag and hat to match.

SALAMANCA—Negro make-up; weighs about 250 pounds. Bright calico dress. Gaudy coat and hat. Carries basket of clothes.

NOTICE—All songs are sung to old college airs familiar to everyone. However, they can all be found in the book, "College Songs," which we will send postpaid upon receipt of price, fifty cents.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Golf bag with clubs, tennis racket.
Note books, tobacco jar, pipe.
Ornaments for bookcase.
Loving cups, pictures for mantel.
Football pictures, posters, funny signs,
pennants for the walls.
Mandolins, guitars.
Auto horn to be used back of scenes.
Large pasteboard box for Fleurette.
Umbrella for Mehitable.
Letter for Juliet.
Telegram for Mr. B.

ACT II.

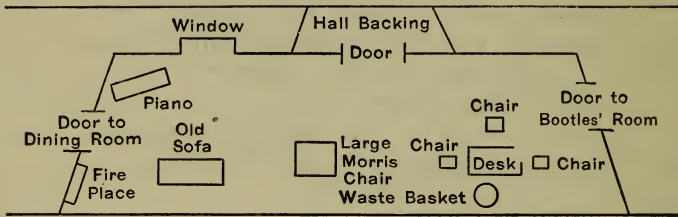
Pennants, pictures for the walls.
Playing cards, poker chips, etc.
Tray with glasses for coca-cola for Leviticus.
Large covered clothes-basket for Sal.
Feather duster for Sal.
Costume box for Fleurette.
Five-dollar bill for Riley.
Banners, horns, pennants for suffragette song.

ACT III.

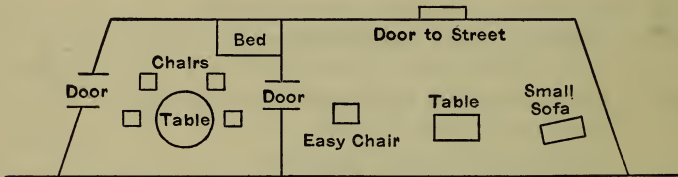
Tin box of crackers for Mr. B.
A one-dollar bill for Mr. B.
Wrist watch for Betty.
Parasol for Jonquil.
Strong canvas blanket for Shorty.
Contract for Gears.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.



ACTS II AND III.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

KICKED OUT OF COLLEGE

ACT I.

SCENE: *The sitting-room of a college boarding house. Time, 10:30 on a morning in May. Lights on full throughout the act. Window in rear scene at R. C., door in rear scene at L. C., showing hall beyond. Entrances R. (to dining-room) and L. (to BOOTLES' room). Carpet down. Curtains at windows. Flat-top desk down L. On it are student's lamp, many large books, golf bags with clubs, tennis racquet, note books, tobacco jars, pipes, etc. Desk chair at R. of desk facing front. Waste paper basket near desk. Bookcase up L. with ornaments on top. Large Morris chair at C. Old sofa down R. C. covered with bright college pillows. Fireplace down R. with fender, etc., but no fire. Mantel shelf over this fireplace with loving cups, framed football pictures, etc., on it. Old piano up R. (If this is not available, substitute tea table with chafing dish, etc.) Football pictures, posters, funny signs, pennants, tennis racquets, etc., on wall.*

Before the curtain rises the boys are heard singing "Boola" or some similar snappy college song.

BOOLA SONG.

Away, way down on the old Swanee,
Where the rippling waves are dancing to and fro,
The soft perfume from o'er the lea
Tells where the sweet magnolia blossoms grow.
There's where my Adelina dwells,
'Mid fairy sylvan dells,
She laughs and sings the whole day through,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo.

The curtain rises slowly and SLIVERS, SHORTY and SCOTCH with six or more mandolin and guitar players and singers

are discovered on the stage, singing and playing on mandolins and guitars. SLIVERS sits in desk chair with both feet on desk. A student sits cross-legged on desk. SHORTY on sofa with three other singers. SCOTCH studying hard with open book on table and both arms on book. Other students grouped around stage in characteristic lounging attitudes, one lying with his back on the floor and his feet on the arms of the sofa. The curtain rises as they sing the chorus of the song.

CHORUS.

Adelina, Adelina, I'll be waiting, Adelina,
When the silver moon is beaming,
Then I'll meet you, Adeline.

(Repeat chorus softly.)

Her long and wavy nut-brown hair
Is tossing out upon the summer breeze;
Her sparkling eyes are wondrous fair,
Her voice like the music in the trees.
I ask her when she'll be my bride,
Her head she turns aside,
And laughs and sings the whole day through,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo.

Adelina, Adelina, I'll be waiting, Adelina,
When the silver moon is beaming,
Then I'll meet you, Adeline.

(Repeat chorus softly.)

During the singing of the chorus SLIVERS rises and practices a fancy dance step at C. in a grotesque manner.

SHORTY. What's the matter, Slivers—having St. Vitus dance?

SLIVERS. Naw, I'm practicing the lame duck for the Senior ball. It's the latest step.

SCOTCH (looking up). Lame duck? Looks more to me like an ossified goose.

SLIVERS (mournfully). Haw, haw, haw! Scotch has pulled a joke. Now, fellows, altogether!

STUDENTS (*mournfully*). Haw, haw, haw!

SCOTCH. Oh, you fellows make me weary. Lemme alone; I got to study.

SLIVERS Hit up a one-step on the piano, Slats. I want to teach you Freshmen the latest fawncy dawnces.

SHORTY. The last time you taught us the kangaroo walk I couldn't get a girl at the ball to go on the floor with me.

SLIVERS. This one is different. Come on, now. Get your partners. (*All select partners except SCOTCH, who studies. STUDENT plays the piano. All dance ballroom dance in grotesque fashion. The music increases in tempo and the dancers dance faster. Finally enter LEVITICUS from R. He watches them a moment, then starts to jig by himself, calling off figures.*)

LEVITICUS. For de land sakes, what's goin' on here, anyhow? Is dis de Senior ball or a promenade? (*Calls out.*) Salute your partners! Honors all! Do de bomba-shay! Sashay all and all promenade around de big fat lady in de corner.

Eight of the boys form an old-fashioned quadrille, or Virginia reel. All dance, LEVITICUS calling figures and jigging by himself. When noise is greatest enter MA BAGGSBY from R.

MA. My goodness to Susan, whatever's going on in here? I never heard such a racket in all my born days—and at ten o'clock in the morning. What will the neighbors say? Stop it, stop it. The whole house will be arrested.

SLIVERS (*dancing wildly*). Come on and be my partner, Ma. (*Swings her around.*)

MA. Now, you Slivers Magee, you let me be. What would Brother Bascom say? I'm a Methodist born and a Methodist bred and I never did believe in such carryin-on. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? And besides, I've got five custard pies baking in the oven.

SLIVERS. Five custard pies! Did you say five?

MA. Yes, I did, and if you jolt the house so, the pies will fall, and you'll all have to eat corn-bread for dessert.

SHORTY (*at L. C.*). Oh, we'll stop right away. Please, Ma, don't desert us on corn-bread.

MA (*down C.*). Then no more monkey shines.

SLIVERS (*at R.*). Nary a shine. Say, Ma, can I have two pieces of pie for dinner? I made 'em stop dancing.

MA. Well, maybe you can.

LEVITICUS (*down R.*). It sure makes dis yere coon hungry all time hearin' 'bout dat custard pie. Umm! I ain't had nothin' to eat since de last time.

SLIVERS (*shakes hands with MA*). You're all right, Ma. Best landlady in town; ain't she, fellows?

STUDENTS (*surrounding MA at C.*). You bet!

SHORTY (*loudly*). What's the matter with Ma Baggsby?

STUDENTS (*loudly*). She's all right!

SHORTY. Who's all right?

STUDENTS. Ma Baggsby!

SHORTY. Who's the best landlady in town? Who's the best cook in town? Who's the best Ma in town?

STUDENTS. Ma Baggsby!

SHORTY. Now, then, fellows, all together.

STUDENTS (*quickly*). Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Ma Baggsby!

MA. Oh, hush up. You do make me so frustrated.

LEVITICUS (*at R.*). Say, what's de matter wif little Leviticus?

STUDENTS (*groan*). Oh!

LEVITICUS. Now, then, all together. Nine rahs fo' little Leviticus.

(STUDENTS go through pantomime of nine rahs, but not a sound is heard.)

LEVITICUS (*disgusted*). Dat's de dog-gonedest sickest nine rahs dat ebber I heard in ma life.

TAD CHESELDINE (*outside C.*). Hello, in there. All you hard students, hello!

SHORTY. It's Tad Cheseldine. (*All go to window or door and look out.*)

SLIVERS (*looking off stage*). Hello, Tad Cheseldine! Where are you going?

TAD. Coming right here. (*Throws in books at window or door. SLIVERS catches them.*) Get 'em, Slivers?

SLIVERS. You bet!

TAD. That's a good dog. Wag your tail.

MA (*throws up her hands in horror*). It's Tad Cheseldine. Now my custard pies never *will* get set.

Enter TAD from C., wearing cap and smoking pipe. He comes down C. surrounded by students.

TAD (*removing cap*). Hello, Ma. You're looking as sweet and rosy as a little pink primrose. Honest, Ma, you get younger and better looking every day.

LEVITICUS. Man, you'd better tie dat bull outside.

TAD (*laughs*). And my old dusky Ronreo, Leviticus. How's the hen roosts, old top?

LEVITICUS. Man, I don't know nuffin' 'bout no hen roosts. I'se reformed.

TAD. Reformed?

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah, I'se done give up ma sinful ways. I'se jined de church an' was baptized in de ribber last Sunday mornin'.

TAD (*at C.*). No wonder the water looks muddy. Say, where's Bootles?

MA. He's been out in his automobile ever since seven o'clock this morning. That boy does nothing but ride morning, noon and night. He never even pretends to go to school any more. I don't know what the world's a coming to.

TAD. Professor Popp certainly was on his high horse this morning. We had a term final in botany and Bootles wasn't there. Popp raised Ned and said he'd call a special meeting of the faculty. Bootles has only been to class twice this year, and it's the middle of May.

SLIVERS (*at L.*). I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that Bootles don't graduate with the class.

TAD. Why not?

SLIVERS. He'll be canned.

TAD (*at C.*). What! Can Bootles? The man who won the Goldmark Cup in the auto races? Why, he's the most

famous man in the whole darned school. He's the boy who put our college on the front page of every paper in the country. It isn't every college that can boast of a speed king.

SCOTCH. That's right. Bootles is all right. But if he once gets old Popp down on him, and Mrs. Popp! Good night! He might as well buy his return ticket and pack his little steamer trunk at once.

TAD. Oh, Popp's easy. He's pretty sore now, but it'll blow over all right.

MA. I've always told Bootles he ought to go to class at least once a week. It don't seem respectable not to go at all. What would his father say?

TAD. When a man is as busy as Bootles is, he don't have time to go to class. Why, he's the president of the Town Automobile Club, secretary of the Golf Club, leader of the Mandolin Club, star actor of the Dramatic Club, pitcher of the baseball nine, champion boxer and fencer and the best dancer and fastest speeder in the county. The idea of wanting a man like that to go to class! Besides, he's making an invention.

SHORTY. What's he inventing? A new dance step or a necktie?

TAD. Neither one. A patent air brake for touring cars. Its a perfect wonder. He took me out last Sunday and showed me the whole thing.

SCOTCH. Was it a success?

TAD. It's a bear. It stopped the car once every ten times. The car turned over, but that didn't make any difference—it stopped. Gee! I wish I was a genius.

(Loud auto horn heard honking two or three times out C.)

MA. There he is now. That's him. That's Bootles. *(All rush to window and door at C.)*

BOOTLES *(off C.)*. Hello, men!

ALL. Hello, Bootles.

TAD. Hail to the Speed King.

BOOT. *(off C.)*. Leviticus, are you there? *(Honks horn again.)*

LEVITICUS. Yes, sah, I is.

BOOT. Come out here and give my noble steed a drink of gasoline.

LEVITICUS. Give his noble steed a drink? Dat dog-goned boy sure is crazy.

TAD (*calling out of window, looking down*). Come on up. I want to see you.

BOOT. In a minute.

Enter BOOT. at C. D., wearing cap, coat and goggles. He removes them and comes down C. surrounded by all.

MA. You've been out racing again.

BOOT. Just a little, Ma.

MA. It's a wonder you ain't killed. Every time you honk your horn I think they're bringing you home a mangled corpse.

BOOT. Not me. I'm a long way from a corpse. Just wait till you see me at dinner. Say, fellows, I had the prettiest little race you ever saw in your life.

ALL. A race.

BOOT. Bet your life, and it was some race, too. I was spinning along King's Highway, just lazy-like, going about 42 miles an hour, when just as I reached the top of the hill I saw a little gray car in front of me. "Honk, honk," say I. Never a word says the little gray car. "Turn out!" yells I, "or I'll jump right over you." Little gray car starts to speed. "A race!" says I. I shot on the spark, threw open the gas and let her rip. (*Bends over and gestures as if driving a racing car.*) We reached the broad river road and sped along neck and neck for six miles. "Honk, honk," says I. "Honk, honk," says the little gray car. We hit the turn in the road and we're off in a bunch.

ALL (*leaning over breathlessly as though racing*). Hur-ray!

LEVITICUS. Go on, boy; go on, boy! I got my money on you!

BOOT. Then the little car began to creep ahead. Inch by inch she was beating me. Then I glanced at the driver, and whom do you think it was?

LEVITICUS. Tracy Summers? (*Insert local name.*)

BOOT. It was a girl.

ALL. A girl?

BOOT. A couple of girls. Can you beat that? A couple of girls!

TAD. Some of the village queens, I suppose.

MA (*sniffs*). Heavens! I smell something burning. It's the custard pies. (*Runs out at R.*)

LEVITICUS. Gimme de leavings; gimme de leavings. (*Funny exit at R.*)

SHORTY. Have you seen anything of our dramatic Sandy, Bootles?

BOOT. Not a sandy hair of Sandy's sandy head. What time is the rehearsal to begin? I want to go out riding again as soon as I can. Maybe I'll see my little chauffeur again.

TAD (*at L. C.*). Oh, Boots, I forgot to tell you. Professor Popp jumped all over you in class this morning.

BOOT. (*at R. C.*). Sorry I wasn't there to hear him. I always like to hear old Poppy when he jumps over me. It's as funny as the clown at the circus. What did he say?

TAD. He said you'd only been to class twice since September.

BOOT. By George, that's right. And now it's the middle of May. I can't imagine why I went to class the second time.

TAD. He said your attendance was a disgrace to the college.

BOOT. Maybe he's right. Yes, now that I come to think about it, I'm sure he's right.

TAD. You'd better look out. He's going to report you at faculty meeting this morning.

BOOT. (*calmly*). Is it possible? Poor old Popp. He gets more foolish every year.

TAD. And he wound up by saying that it would be better for the discipline of the school if you took a little vacation till the end of the year.

BOOT. So that's what Professor Popp thinks, is it? Well, it's a good thing for me that he doesn't run the whole school.

SCOTCH (*who has been studying at table, rises and comes*

down R.). Honest, Bootles, you shouldn't cut classes the way you do.

BOOT. (*turns to him*). I believe you're right, old man. I'm going to reform tomorrow.

SCOTCH. That's right, Bootles. That's the way I like to hear you talk. (*SCOTCH returns to table and studies.*)

Enter LEVITICUS from R.

LEVITICUS. Say, gemmans, excuse me for buttin' in, but de actor man has done arrived.

TAD. The actor man?

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah, dat Mr. McCann.

TAD. Leviticus, show the gentleman up; and remember to maintain the dignity and decorum of this important assemblage.

LEVITICUS. Jest hear dat boy talk. Ain't dat scandlous? Man, you'se going to get de lock-jaw on some of dem big words some day.

SLIVERS. Tell Sandy we're all ready.

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah. Dat's jest what I was going to do. (*Exit C. D.*)

BOOT. Push back the furniture and let's get the rehearsal over in a hurry. (*They do so.*)

Enter SANDY McCANN from C. D.

SANDY. Ah, ha, me noble Romans. We are well met.

STUDENTS. Hello, Sandy.

SANDY. And now for the rehearsal. Is everybody here?

SLIVERS. Pepper Jarvis couldn't some. He's laid up with the mumps.

SANDY. Tgo bad. Well, we'll get someone to read Pepper's part. I've just been over to the costumer's. Did you try on your second act dress, Tad?

TAD. Yes, sir. My, it's an awful squeeze. Last year, when I played Jimmie's Aunt Jane, I couldn't breathe for a month; but this is worse. Gee, I wish I was the comedian or the hero; anything but the leading lady.

BOOT. Oh, no, Tad, me boy. That suits you best. You're so ladylike.

SANDY. Do you know your lines, Tad?

TAD. Every word. Letter perfect.

SANDY. We'll start where you make your first entrance.

TAD (*going up L. 3 E.*). I come on from here. I trip demurely down the center, all dressed in blue, with my hair in a braid down my back.

SLIVERS (*sings*). "And her golden hair was hanging down her back."

SANDY. You're supposed to be picking the petals from a big red rose.

TAD. Well, give me the big red rose.

SLIVERS (*pushes SHORTY to TAD*). Here it is. (SCOTCH is seated at desk studying hard from notebook. TAD goes to him and grabs notebook. SCOTCH opens large book and studies.)

TAD. This will do. (*Goes to L. 3 E.*) All ready, Sandy.

SANDY. Line up, boys, for the College Boys' chorus. (*Boys line up and sing "A Stein Song," or any other similar college song, with appropriate gestures and steps.*)

SANDY. Very good. You need a little more pep, Slivers. And Shorty, you want to come out stronger on that high note. Now, where's the villain?

BOOT. (*puts on black mustache*). Here I am, yer honor. It's a dark, black night on the stormy deep. Just the night for our devilish work.

SANDY. And where's Handsome Harry, the hero?

SHORTY. That's me. Lay but one hand upon that innocent girl and I'll shoot ye where you stand, Jack Dalton.

SANDY. And is the leading lady ready?

TAD. Bet yer boots. Lead on, Macduff.

SANDY. Remember, you're picking the petals from a large red rose.

TAD (*tearing a leaf from the notebook*). I got you. (*Tears another.*)

SANDY (*seated at R.*). All right. Let her go. Come on, Flora.

TAD (*trips down C., speaking in a girlish voice*). Good morrow, gentle sirs. Is this Spotless Town?

BOOT. (*at R. C., à la villain*). Spotless Town? Indeed it

ain't. This is (*insert name of town where play is held*). And nobody ever called —— a spotless town. Not with our present police force.

TAD (*tearing leaf from book*). I've been picking roses all day, but alas, kind sirs, methinks I have lost me way. (*Tears page.*)

SCOTCH (*jumping up*). Yes, and methinks you are tearing up me history notes. (*Grabs TAD and scuffles.*)

TAD. Here, here. Don't be so rough with the leading lady. (*Turns to BOOT.*) At larst, Basil Underwood, we meet face to face.

BOOT. (*pulls mustache to one side*). We do, Flora McFlimsy; we do.

TAD. Then where is me child? Me little cheild?

BOOT. (*grasping TAD's wrist*). They say the cheild is in London.

TAD. No, no!

BOOT. And you shall follow her. (*Struggle with TAD.*)

SHORTY (*coming to them*). Release that lady!

BOOT. (*cringing*). Handsome Harry, the boy detective.

SHORTY. So, Basil Underwood, this is some more of your dirty work.

TAD. I want me cheild. I want me cheild.

BOOT (*twirling mustache*). Your cheild is in London.

SHORTY. That is a lie.

BOOT. You dare?

SHORTY. Aye, I dare. Madam, your cheild is in yonder room.

TAD. Give her to me! My baby, my baby!

SANDY. Scotch, you stand over there (*points to C. D.*) and be the long-lost cheild.

SCOTCH. Not me. I ain't no play actor.

BOOT. Aw, go on. All you have to do is to come in when Tad says, "My darling cheild." Then I embrace you.

SCOTCH. Not me. You can't embrace me.

TAD. Oh, go on. Scotch, be a good fellow. Be me long-lost cheild.

SCOTCH. All right. (*Exits C. D., then sticks his head*

in.) Say, Bootles, you want to go kind o' easy on that embrace. My ribs ain't strong. (*Exit C. D.*)

TAD. Give her to me. My baby, my baby!

BOOT. It's a lie. I say the cheild is in London.

SCOTCH (*sticks his head in*). Is this where I come in?

BOOT. Heavens, no! Not yet. (*Exit SCOTCH.*)

SHORTY. She is not in London. She is there in yonder room. (*Points to C. D.*)

BOOT. The cheild in yonder room is me own little Rosebud.

SHORTY. Your own?

BOOT. Yes. I'll call her and you shall see. (*Calls.*) Neuralgia, Neuralgia, come here; papa wants you.

TAD. Me darling cheild. (*All look toward C. D. BOOT. advances with outstretched arms to C. D.*)

SANDY. Come on, Scotch; that's your cue. Give it to him again, Tad.

TAD. Me darling cheild.

Enter JONQUIL GRAY from C. D. BOOT. embraces her.

BOOT. Me cheild!

JONQUIL (*screams*). Oh!

BOOT. A skirt! Gee! I thought it was me darling cheild.

Enter BETTY BENBOW, C. D.

BETTY. What is it?

JONQUIL. I don't know. We'd better go, Betty. I think we're in a lunatic asylum.

BOOT. (*goes to, BETTY at C.*). Betty!

BETTY (*kisses him*). Brother.

TAD (*to JONQUIL at L.*). You see we were rehearsing for our college play.

BOOT. Yes, and I thought you were my long-lost darling baby. Boys, this is my sister.

STUDENTS. Pleased to meet you.

BETTY. Thank you. And this is my friend, Miss Gray.

BOOT. (*shaking hands with JONQUIL*). Charmed, I'm sure.

JONQUIL. I hope we're not intruding.

BOOT. Oh, not at all.

TAD (*shaking hands with BETTY*). I'm Tad Cheseldine. I'm Bootles' room-mate. Well, we must be going. See you later, Bootles. Come on, Sandy. We'll finish the rehearsal in my room.

SANDY. Yes, but I have no objection to the ladies.

TAD. Oh, we know that. But Boots wants to see his sister. Come on, boys. (*Exit L.*)

STUDENTS. See you again, Bootles. Pleased to have met the ladies, etc. (*Exeunt STUDENTS at L.*)

BETTY. Jonquil wants to see Mrs. Baggsby. She used to know her in San Francisco.

BOOT. I'll see where she is. Ma! Oh, Ma! (*Exits R.*)

JONQUIL. I never was so embarrassed in my life. Why, Betty, he embraced me.

BETTY. That's nothing. He's embraced me ever so many times.

JONQUIL. Yes, but you're his sister.

BETTY. Did you notice that Mr. Cheseldine? He's Bootles' room-mate. I think he has the dearest complexion.

JONQUIL. I never saw so many men all together before in all my life.

BETTY. Neither did I. I think college life is just grand. We ought to drive over every week.

Enter BOOT. from R., followed by MA.

MA. Why, Jonquil Gray! Of all things!

JONQUIL. Mrs. Baggsby; dear Mrs. Baggsby! (*Embrace.*)

BOOT. (*at L. to BETTY*). Say, Betty, your little friend is a peach, all right. She's made an awful hit with me. I hope I didn't queer myself when she came in.

BETTY. She said she never was so embarrassed in her life. But, Bootles, I'll bet a cookie she liked it.

JONQUIL. Mrs. Baggsby, this is my friend, Miss Benbow.

MA. Bootles' sister? (*Shakes hands.*) He often speaks of you.

JONQUIL. We drove over. I must look a sight.

MA. Come into my room and take off your things.

BETTY. Yes, go on. I'll stay here and talk to Buddy.

MA. We won't be a moment. Come, Jonquil. (*Exit R. with JONQUIL.*)

Enter SCOTCH from C. D.

SCOTCH. Say, when is it my turn to come in and be embraced?

BOOT. Back to the farm, Scotch. You're an hour late.

SCOTCH. Oh, excuse me. (*Runs out C. D.*)

BOOT. That was the long-lost cheild. Now, what in the world are you doing here at college?

BETTY (*pertly*). Visiting you.

BOOT. But where did you drop from? The train isn't due for half an hour, and I know you never drove over.

BETTY. No, I didn't drive. I was driven. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. (*Sits at R.*) You see, Jonquil Gray just moved to town last week.

BOOT. (*seated L. looks toward R.*). And was that Jonquil Gray?

BETTY. Yes. Pretty, isn't she?

BOOT. Adorable.

BETTY. I knew you'd think so. I'm in love with her already, and I've only known her for a week.

BOOT. It doesn't take a week sometimes. But who is she?

BETTY. She used to live in our town years ago, and then she moved to San Francisco. Now they've moved back home again. We used to know her years ago. She went to dancing school with us when we were in short skirts.

BOOT. Not me. I never was in short skirts.

BETTY. And she's the dearest thing. I've invited her to your Senior ball.

BOOT. Good for you. I'll be tickled to death.

BETTY. I knew you'd be.

BOOT. I'll take both of you.

BETTY. Nothing doing. Noth-ing do-ing! You've got to get me a man, or you can't have Jonquil. Now, I'd like to go with that good-looking boy who said he was your room-mate.

BOOT. Who—Tad? He isn't good-looking. He only thinks he is.

BETTY. He is good-looking. Bootles Benbow, I guess I know a good-looking man when I see one. He's got the loveliest complexion and the dearest nose.

BOOT. Rave on, fair one; rave on.

BETTY. I'm not raving. Oh, please, Bootles, make him ask me to the Senior ball.

BOOT. Well, I'll do my best. But tell me about Miss Gray. Did you say her name was Jonquil?

BETTY. Yes. Jonquil Gray. Pretty, isn't it?

BOOT. It just suits her.

BETTY. Well, last night she asked me if I didn't want to drive over here this morning and call on Mrs. Baggsby. She used to know Mrs. Baggsby in California. I said I did—and she did, and we both did, and here we are—and that's all.

BOOT. Who drove you over?

BETTY. Jonquil. She's a regular speedomaniac. She can handle a car as well as you can. We had a race this morning.

BOOT. You did?

BETTY. About half an hour ago, just as we were coming down the hill (*pouts*), some smart-alec student tried to push us off the road. And of course Jonquil wouldn't stand for that.

BOOT. (*smiles*). Of course not. What did she do?

BETTY. Beat him at his own game. We raced him into town and made him take our dust the whole way. Served him right, the mean old thing. We weren't going to let any half-baked Freshman push us to one side. Women don't do that any more.

BOOT. Oh, he was a half-baked Freshman, was he?

BETTY. Yes. And the meanest thing. He actually tried to honk us out of his way, just like we were chickens or ducks, or something. Jonquil was perfectly furious. If she ever meets that man, she'll give him a piece of her mind, and so will I. But you don't seem at all glad to see me. After I came all this way to visit you, too.

BOOT. (*rises*). Of course I am. But you took me so by surprise. How is dad and mother?

BETTY. Just fine. Dad's going to build an addition to the factory.

BOOT. The new crackers seem to be making a hit.

BETTY. They are. They're in everybody's mouth. Dad is just coining money.

BOOT. That's good. I'm going to make a touch this afternoon. I need eighty dollars for a new set of tires.

BETTY. Dad's awfully worried about you, Bootles. Ever since they put you on probation dad's been up in the air.

BOOT. Oh, that's all right. I'm one of the shining lights of the college now.

BETTY. A shining light? I hope they won't put you out.

BOOT. Don't worry. But I wonder where Jonquil is. I mean, Miss Gray.

BETTY. She'll be in as soon as she puts some powder on her nose.

Enter TAD from L.

TAD. Oh, I beg pardon. I hope I'm not intruding.

BETTY. Not at all, Mr. Cheseldine. I'm awfully glad you came in. Bootles has done nothing but talk about Miss Gray. The lady he so wildly embraced at the door.

TAD. That's just his luck. I could rehearse every day for a year and never have a lucky thing like that happen to me.

BETTY. Would you call it lucky?

TAD. I would if you had come in the door.

BETTY. Oh, Mr. Cheseldine.

TAD. Now that you've found out where we live, you must come over often and visit us.

BOOT. (*at R.*). Yes, indeed; you and Miss Gray.

TAD (*at L.*). Sure thing. Come over every week.

BETTY (*at L. C.*). Oh, we couldn't do that. We probably won't be over again until the Senior ball.

TAD. Are you coming to the ball?

BETTY. I hope to. I've not been invited yet. Bootles hates to take his sister.

TAD. Oh, there isn't any need of that. (*Stops confused.*) Oh, that is—I mean—

BOOT. Yes, it'll be a nice day if it doesn't rain, won't it?

BETTY (*to TAD*). We had the most exciting race this morning. We raced all the way from the Hill and we girls won.

TAD. Yes, Bootles was telling us about it. (*BOOT. makes signs to TAD not to tell.*) What the —? I mean, what's the matter?

BOOT. Oh, nothing at all. I'm just taking exercise. (*Waves arms as if practicing gymnastics.*)

TAD. Bootles hated to be beat by a couple of girls.

BETTY (*goes to BOOT.*). Bootles Benbow, were you that half-baked Freshman?

BOOT. Yes, I guess I was.

BETTY. My own brother! I'm ashamed of you. Jonquil will never want to know you now.

BOOT. Don't tell her. (*Crosses to TAD.*) You've got me in a nice mess. Say, I'm going to put on my new suit. Betty, don't let Miss Gray get away till I come back. Then I'll take you both over to the hotel for dinner. (*Exit L.*)

BETTY. I won't go to dinner with you. (*To TAD.*) He acted perfectly horrid about that race. He didn't recognize us and tried to push us off the road.

TAD. He did. Well, I'm glad you made him take your dust.

BETTY. I'll get even with him for that. I think I'll tell Jonquil all about it.

TAD. Oh, don't do that. That would queer Bootles right at the start.

BETTY. Well, he ought to be queered. And I won't take dinner with him.

TAD. Serves him right.

BETTY. I suppose I'll have to go without any dinner at all.

TAD. Oh, no. You come and take dinner with me.

BETTY. Why, Mr. Cheseldine, I never thought of that. Would it be perfectly proper?

TAD. Sure it would. We'll invite Bootles and Miss Gray for chaperones.

BETTY. That will be delightful. Do you know, I knew I was going to like you the minute I saw you.

TAD (*close to her*). You did? And I thought the same thing.

Enter JONQUIL from R. quickly.

JONQUIL. Hello, Betty. We had the finest visit. Mrs. Baggsby is the dearest thing. It seems just like California again to be with her.

BETTY (*at C.*). This is Mr. Cheseldine, Bootles' roommate.

JONQUIL. Pleased, I'm sure.

TAD (*at L.*). Pleasure's all mine.

JONQUIL (*at R.*). You boys certainly seem to have a good time at college.

TAD. Oh, yes. And you should see us at the Senior ball. I hope you're coming.

JONQUIL. I don't know. I haven't heard anything about it yet.

BETTY. Oh, yes; she's coming. Bootles is going to invite her.

JONQUIL. He is. But where is your brother?

BETTY. Gone to doll up. You've made an awful hit with him.

JONQUIL. Betty, have I, really?

BETTY. And you like him, too, don't you?

JONQUIL. He seemed very nice.

TAD. Yes, Bootles is the finest fellow in the world, in spite of his affliction.

BETTY and JONQUIL. His affliction? (*JONQUIL drops her purse, stoops to get it. While she does this TAD goes to BETTY and speaks to her aside.*)

TAD. Here's we get even with Bootles. Are you on?

BETTY. You bet.

JONQUIL. I didn't know Mr. Benbow had an affliction.

BETTY. Oh, yes. Poor Bootles! We don't like to speak about it at home.

JONQUIL (*alarmed*). He isn't lame, is he?

TAD. Oh, no; it's worse than that.

JONQUIL. Worse? He isn't blind?

BETTY (*amused*). Oh, worse; far worse.

JONQUIL. Good gracious, he's not insane, is he?

TAD. Oh, no; he's sane enough most of the time. But he is deaf. Horribly deaf.

BETTY. Yes, he's awfully deaf. He couldn't hear a fire-cracker if it exploded in his ear.

JONQUIL. Why, the poor young man. And he's so good-looking, too.

Enter LEVITICUS from R. with bucket of water.

LEVITICUS. Yere's yer bucket of water. Where'll I put it?

JONQUIL. It's for my radiator. This way. (*Goes to C. D.*)

TAD. Let me help you. (*Goes to door C.*)

JONQUIL. Thank you. (*Exits C. D.*)

TAD. Please wait for me; I'll be right back. (*Exits C. D.*)

LEVITICUS. Dat's de first time in ma life dat I ever knowed you had to gib dem automobiles a bucket ob water. I wonder does dey eat hay or oats. (*Exit R.*)

Enter BOOT. from L., dressed up.

BOOT. Where is she?

BETTY. Giving her car a drink of water, in case you want to race us again.

BOOT. Now, Betty, don't be sore. It was only a joke. Miss Gray wasn't sore, was she?

BETTY. No, I didn't tell her.

BOOT. She's a fine girl and has made an awful hit with me. I'm going to invite her to the ball.

BETTY. How lovely of you, Bootles. She's a perfect dear, in spite of her affliction.

BOOT. Affliction? Did you say affliction?

BETTY. Yes, she is as deaf as a post. She couldn't hear a firecracker if it exploded in her ear.

BOOT. Why, the poor little kid. Say, do you suppose she could hear me if I talk like this?

BETTY. Not a word. If you talk to Jonquil you must speak loudly.

BOOT. (*louder*). How about this?

BETTY (*secretly amused*). A mere whisper. She couldn't catch a word.

BOOT. (*yells*). I'll yell at her. I'll bet she could hear this.

BETTY. Well, maybe; but you must speak plainly. The only way she can understand you will be by the motion of your lips.

Enter JONQUIL from C. D., followed by TAD.

JONQUIL. The car's all right. When are we to start back, Betty?

BETTY. The boys have asked us to stay and take dinner at the hotel.

JONQUIL. Fine. Then we can drive back in the cool of the evening. (*Goes to BOOT., speaks loudly.*) It's awfully nice of you, Mr. Benbow.

BOOT. (*yells*). Don't mention it. Pleasure, I'm sure.

BETTY. I'd like to take a walk over on the campus (*looks at TAD*), but I'm afraid to go all by myself.

TAD. Let me go with you. I'll show you the Lover's Lane and all the sights.

BETTY. Oh, thank you. (*Goes to door C., meeting TAD.*) We won't be long.

BOOT. Don't hurry on my account.

TAD. Oh, we won't. (*Exit C. D., followed by BETTY.*)

BOOT. (*coming to JONQUIL at C. and speaking loudly*). I hope you will excuse me for the way I acted when you first came in. I was rehearsing, you know. I hope you're not offended.

JONQUIL (*embarrassed*). I—I—well, that is—

BOOT. (*to audience*). She doesn't hear a word I say. (*Louder.*) I want to apologize for my rudeness.

JONQUIL (*loudly*). Pray, don't give it another thought.

BOOT. (*aside*). She don't get me. (*Loudly.*) I said apologize for my rudeness. Apologize, apologize, apologize!

JONQUIL. How he screams. Poor fellow. And he thinks he is speaking in a whisper. He's so good-looking, too.

What a pity he's deaf. (*Loud.*) I wasn't offended at all, only surprised.

BOOT. (*loudly*). Awfully good of you to come over and visit us. I hope you'll be at the ball next week.

JONQUIL. I haven't been invited, yet.

BOOT. Then let me extend an invitation. I'll be delighted to have you for my guest.

JONQUIL. Oh, thank you. (*Goes to him, puts hand to her mouth and yells in his ear.*) I said, thank you.

BOOT. Don't mention it. Pleasure's all mine. (*Same business.*) I said the pleasure was all mine.

JONQUIL. Yes, I heard you.

BOOT. Did you drive over? (*Louder.*) Drive! In an automobile, you know. (*Louder.*) In a motor car. (*Pantomimes driving car.*) Motor car! Honk, honk! Choo, choo, choo!

JONQUIL. Yes. We had a wonderful race into town. Some horrid student tried to push us off the road.

BOOT. The idea! He couldn't have been a student. I am sure no student would have been so rude. (*Aside.*) She doesn't hear a word I'm saying. (*Loudly.*) It wasn't a student.

JONQUIL (*quickly*). Yes, I heard you. I'm not deaf. (*Pauses confused.*) Oh, I beg your pardon.

BOOT. (*to audience*). She says she isn't deaf. I wonder if she don't know it.

JONQUIL. Are you a Freshman, Mr. Benbow?

BOOT. Great day! No, I'm a Senior! (*Yells.*) A Senior!

JONQUIL. I heard you the first time. (*Hand at mouth, yells in his ear.*) I said I heard you the first time.

BOOT. I'm not deaf. (*Quickly.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. I meant no offense?

JONQUIL. Not deaf?

BOOT. Not at all. I can hear perfectly.

JONQUIL. The poor man. He hasn't learned about his affliction. This is terrible.

BOOT. I said I wasn't deaf. I can hear everything.

JONQUIL. So can I.

BOOT. You can. (*In natural voice.*) Can you hear me now?

JONQUIL. Of course I can. (*Yells.*) It must be dreadful to be deaf.

BOOT. Yes; but think of the advantage if you're a married man. But it don't make any difference to me if you are deaf.

JONQUIL. But I'm not. I can hear everything. Mr. Cheseldine told me that you were deaf.

BOOT. What? Tad told you I was deaf?

JONQUIL. Yes. Aren't you?

BOOT. Not a bit. Betty told me you were deaf. She said you couldn't hear a firecracker if it exploded in your ear.

JONQUIL. Why, that's the very thing they told me about you.

BOOT. Say, they've been stringing us. Let's go and see them. We'll still pretend we think each other deaf and we'll split their ears. We'll turn the tables on 'em. (*Goes to C. D.*) Come on.

JONQUIL. We'll pay them back in their own coin. (*Exit C. D. with BOOT.*)

Enter Leviticus from R.

LEVITICUS (*coming down C. lazily*). Each of dem five custard pies was slightly scorched on top, and I et 'em all. Mmm! I done et so much custard pie dat I feels oozy all over, and now Mrs. Baggsby has done telephoned for ice cream for dinner and I ain't got no space left fo' ice cream. Ain't dat scandalous—ice cream for dinner and I'se done lost ma appetite. (*Noise at L.*) Dem students is rehearsing for their play in there, and, by golly, it's as good as de circus. All dressin' demselves up to be ladies and cowboys and things. (*Sprawls in chair at C.*) I wish I was a student at college. Never do a thing but play baseball and tennis and penny-ante and shoot craps all day, and go to see de ladies at night. Ah me, I has to work all day long. (*Stretches and yawns.*) Never get no time for nothin' but work. If this keeps up much longer dis yere colored gen-

tleman sure is goin' to git another situation. (*Door bell heard at C. D.*) What I tell you? Can't even set down and take a moment's repose but dat dog-goned doorbell has got to disturb ma jurisprudence.

LEVITICUS *goes out C. D. and returns with FLEURETTE.*

FLEURETTE (*coming to C. with large pasteboard box*). Ah, garcon, I hava ze costooms brought.

LEVITICUS (*at L. C.*). You hava zee costooms brought? Dat's nothin'. I hav de hay fever and lumbago.

FLEURETTE. Non, non; you do not me understand.

LEVITICUS (*puzzled*). No, lady, I do not thee understand. Elucidate, gal, elucidate.

FLEURETTE (*shows package*). It is ze costooms for ze play, ze wig, ze shoes, ze stockings, ze robes. Ah, it is everyzing.

LEVITICUS (*to audience*). Dat gal talks like a buzz-saw. No, ma'am, we don't want to buy no costooms today. You is in de wrong house.

FLEURETTE. I vant to see Monsieur McCann. Comprennez-vous? Monsieur McCann.

LEVITICUS. Lookee yere, gal, don't you call me no names. I ain't done nothin' to you.

FLEURETTE (*snaps fingers in his face*). Bah, bah! Bah!

LEVITICUS. She talks like a goat.

FLEURETTE. You have not ze brains of a flea.

LEVITICUS. Don't rouse ma anger, gal; don't rouse ma anger; cause when I's mad, I's mad.

FLEURETTE (*impatiently*). Come, come; I cannot vait all ze day. I desire to see McCann.

LEVITICUS. Oh, you wants to see de actor man.

FLEURETTE. Yes, yes. I have ze costooms for ze play.

LEVITICUS (*backing to L. looking at FLEURETTE*). Well, he's yere.

FLEURETTE. Tell him zat I him avait wiz (*in French*) grand impatience.

LEVITICUS. Yas'm, dat's jest what I was goin' to tell him. (*Exit L.*)

Enter Mrs. McCann from C. D.

MRS. M. (*coming down R.*). Are you Mrs. Baggsby?

FLEURETTE. Oh, no. I am ze modiste Mademoiselle Fleurette.

MRS. M. Oh, you're modest, are you? I never would have guessed it. Where is Mrs. Baggsby?

FLEURETTE (*shrugs shoulders*). I do not know dis Mrs. Baggsby.

MRS. M. (*goes to R.*). I'll see if she's in here. I'm looking for my husband. He's supposed to be here coaching a lot of students for a play, but it's only a blind. I know why he is here. I can read him like a book. (*At door R.*) He's a man, and all men are born deceivers. I know. I've been married fifteen years. (*Exit R.*)

FLEURETTE (*at C.*). Oh, what a womans! And she is jealous of Monsieur McCann. Vell, if I were in her place I'd be jealous, too, for ziz Sandy is von bad, wicked, naughty man.

Enter SANDY from L.

SANDY (*at door L.*). Ah, have I kept you waiting, my dear little lady? (*Minces over to her, trips on rug and falls sprawling at her feet.*) Oh, my gracious! One million pardons. I was so anxious to greet you. (*Rises.*)

FLEURETTE (*shrugs shoulders*). Monsieur should make ze haste slowly.

SANDY (*close to her*). Monsieur should make ze hay while the sun shines. (*Takes her hand, looks at it.*) Dear little hand.

FLEURETTE (*smiles*). Ze sun shines now, but if your wife sees you I think zere will be ze grande thunderstorm. (*Crosses to L. C.*)

SANDY (*crossing to R. C.*). Oh, my wife's at home, and besides I am not afraid of my wife.

FLEURETTE. No?

SANDY. Of course not. I am master of my house.

FLEURETTE. Oh, you are?

SANDY (*close to her*). But we'll not discuss unpleasant subjects like my wife. When I look at you my heart—

FLEURETTE (*extending foot*). Oh, monsieur, ze ribbon of my shoe! It is all untied.

SANDY (*kneels R. C.*). Permit me. I will tie it for you.
 FLEURETTE. Oh, but I do not like to make so much trouble for monsieur.

Enter MRS. M. from R. with umbrella.

MRS. M. (*screams*). Oh, what do I see?

SANDY (*on knees, horrified*). My wife!

MRS. M. Oh you villain! You deceiver! You big, base bigamist! (*Hits him on head with umbrella.*)

SANDY (*still kneeling, turns to her*). But, my darling, it's a mistake.

MRS. M. (*starts for FLEURETTE*). And as for you, madam—

FLEURETTE (*runs to C. D.*). Oh, madame! Zere is your husband. Pouf! I wouldn't take him as a Christmas gift. (*Laughs and exits C. D.*)

SANDY (*on knees, approaches MRS. M.*). Now, my dear Mehitable—

MRS. M. (*turns to him*). Worm!

SANDY (*rises, tries to take her hand*). But, little rosebud, let me explain.

Enter SLIVERS and SHORTY from L.

SLIVERS (*as he enters*). Sandy, where are you? (*Sees MRS. M.*) Oh, I beg pardon.

SANDY. It's all right; it's only my wife.

MRS. M. (*crosses to C. D.*). I'll be waiting for you at home. Do you understand? Waiting! (*Exit C. D., banging door.*)

SANDY (*sighs*). Yes, little darling, I understand perfectly.

SHORTY (*in door at L.*). How about the rehearsal, Sandy?

SANDY. I'm ready. Where's Tad. Here is his second act costume.

SLIVERS. He's over on the campus with a girl.

SANDY. Go and get him at once. He's got to try on his dress.

SLIVERS. In a minute. (*Exit C. D., yelling "Tad! Oh, Tad!"*)

SANDY. This excitement is killing me, and my wife is waiting at home. Oh, would that I were single again!

Enter SLIVERS C. D. followed by TAD.

TAD. Oh, have a heart, Sandy. I was just getting engaged.

SANDY. Here is your costume. Get engaged in that.

TAD (*holding up dress, etc.*). Ah, Flora McFlimsy, howdy do.

SANDY. Hurry up. (*Exit L. followed by the others.*)

Doorbell at C. D. rings. Enter LEVITICUS from R.

LEVITICUS More work. Seems like I don't do nothin' but answer dat bell. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter SCOTCH from L.

SCOTCH. Gee, I wish I could find a place to study. A college boarding house is no place for a man who means business.

Enter LEVITICUS followed by JULIET SNOBBS.

LEVITICUS. Yes'm, set down, and I'll see if Mr. Benbow is around on de premises. (*Exit R.*)

SCOTCH (*rises*). Why, Juliet, What are you doing here?

JULIET. I'm here on official business for the college. I got a letter for Mr. Bootles Benbow. I ain't no hand to butt into other people's affairs, nor yet to reveal college secrets, but I've got a hunch they've tied a can on your friend Benbow.

SCOTCH (*astonished and worried*). You mean he's been expelled?

JULIET (*nonchalantly*). That's the word. Kicked out of college.

SCOTCH. Poor old Bootles. He's one of the finest fellows in the school.

JULIET. Yes, and he's such a good-looking guy, too. If they was going to can someone, I don't see why they had to pick 'on him. Prexy sent a telegram to his father this morning and I was ordered to come over here and bring the fatal message.

SCOTCH. I'm awfully sorry.

JULIET. So am I. I'll just leave the letter here where he can get it. (*Puts it on desk.*) Good-bye. (*Starts out C. D.*)

SCOTCH. Wait a minute. (*Gets cap.*) I'll walk over to the main building with you; that is, if you want me to.

JULIET. I'd be delighted, Mr. McAllister. (*Takes his arm.*) I ain't seen very much of you this year.

SCOTCH. I've been mighty busy. I came to college to work and, believe me, I've been doing it.

JULIET (*sententiously*). All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

SCOTCH. You're right, Juliet. Say, have you got a date for tonight?

JULIET. Let me see? (*Thinks.*) This is Friday, ain't it? No, I don't believe I have.

SCOTCH (*bashfully twisting foot*). How'd you like to go to the movies, Juliet?

JULIET. Just fine. I'll be ready at 7 o'clock sharp. In time for the first show. And then we can watch the moon afterward. The moon is just grand these nights. Come on.

SCOTCH (*looks back at letter*). Poor old Bootles! I certainly hate to have him leave college. (*Exit C. D. with JULIET.*)

(*BOYS off L. sing first verse of college song. Sing slowly and with much feeling. If no local college song is obtainable use "Stars of the Summer Night," from College Songs.*)

Enter BOOT. from C. D.

BOOT. Betty and Jonquil are waiting at the hotel and I've decided to go to class. I've been a blamed fool ever since I've been at college, but Jonquil has asked me to turn over a new leaf. I've been burning the candle at both ends, but now I'm going to begin to work. I'll be a dig, a grind and then maybe I'll get my degree in June and go into business with the governor. Poor old Professor Popp—no wonder he was sore. I'll make him a public apology tomorrow. I'll hire a tutor and show the folks at home

that there is something in me after all. Being a sport at college is the best fun in the world, but it don't pay, Bootles, my boy; it don't pay. (*Sees letter.*) What's this? (*Picks it up, reads.*) "Mr. Robert Benbow"—and it's from the faculty. I suppose I'm to be called on the carpet again. If they give me another chance, I'll show them that I can be an honor to the institution. (*Opens letter, reads in silence.*) "Your connection with the college has ceased." (*Pause, as he reads and struggles for self-control.*) "Your name was stricken from the rolls this morning." (*Pause.*) "Unanimous action of the faculty." Busted! Kicked out of college. (*Sinks in chair.*) What will the the governor say? I'll have to leave the old place in disgrace. A Benbow kicked out of college! What will mother say? (*Buries face in arms.*) Hard lines, hard lines! (*BOOT. holds this position as the boys sing the second verse of the college song very softly.*)

Enter TAD from L. wearing ladies' pumps and red stockings, trousers and sport shirt.

TAD. Say, Boots, come on in and help me get into the leading lady's costume. (*Sees him.*) Why, what's the matter, old top? What's wrong? (*BOOT. silently gives TAD the letter. TAD reads. Pause. TAD goes to BOOT., who rises. Shake hands warmly. Silence.*)

BOOT. It's all right, old pal. It's all right.

TAD. It's a shame, Boots; a mean, downright shanre.

BOOT. No, it ain't. I had it coming to me and I got it; that's all. Better fellows than me have been kicked out of college. But it's hard lines, kid; it's hard lines.

TAD (*shakes hands*). I know, pal; I know. I'll call a meeting of the Senior class. If you leave, we'll all go on a strike.

BOOT. Nothing doing. It's been my own fault and I'll take my medicine like a man. I was just going to turn over a new leaf.

Enter MA from R.

MA. What's the matter, Bootles?

BOOT. It's all over, Ma; I've been canned. I'm going home.

MA. Canned? You! Oh, Bootles, it ain't so. It can't be so. (*Cries.*)

Enter LEVITICUS from R.

LEVITICUS Oh, Mrs. Baggsby, come yere and see what's done drove up in our yard. A 'leven thousand horse power automobile has done stopped in front of our door. (*Bell rings.*) I'll bet it's de President of de United States. (*Exit C. D.*)

TAD (*looks out of window*). It's your father, Boots. Your father and mother. Brace up. (*Runs out L.*)

MA (*arranging furniture*). And this room looks like a dog fight.

Enter MR and MRS. BENBOW from C. D.

BENBOW (*to MA, who meets him*). I want to see Robert Benbow. I am his father.

BOOT. Why, dad! (*Goes to him.*)

MRS. B. Bootles! Oh, Bootles! (*Cries.*)

MA (*at R.*). Oh, Bootles! (*Cries.*)

MR. B. Luella! Remember what you promised me. There must be no hysterics.

BOOT. You've heard the news?

MR. B. We have. Your disgrace is known.

BOOT. But, father—

MR. B. Don't "father" me, sir. You have been a disgrace to the college, you have been a disgrace to me. I've spent a small fortune on your college education, and this is my reward. (*Waves telegram.*)

MRS. B. Father, don't get excited. Oh, Bootles, how could you?

MR. B. Haven't I given you everything you wanted? Haven't I always granted your slightest wish?

BOOT. Yes, you have?

MR. B. And now the whole town will be talking of your disgrace. It will be in all the papers. The son of B. J. Benbow kicked out of college.

MRS. B. Oh, father. We must keep it out of the papers.

MR. B. You've deliberately thrown away your chances. From now on you stand alone. You work for yourself. I've given you everything, and this is my reward. Now, I'm done with you.

Enter SANDY from L.

SANDY. Bootles, I've just heard—

BOOT. Father, this is Mr. McCann.

MR. B. (*gruffly*). How do you do!

SANDY (*pleasantly*). Oh, I'm quite well, Mr. Benbow. How is your good health.

MR. B. (*furiously*). Good health! Bah! I haven't got any good health!

Enter JONQUIL and BETTY from C. D.

BETTY (*to MR. B.*). Dad!

MR. B. So you are here? You're just in time to see your brother's disgrace.

BETTY. Disgrace!

MR. B. He'll be expelled from college.

BETTY. Oh, Bootles! (*Cries on JONQUIL'S shoulder.*)

MA. Oh, Bootles! (*Cries.*)

MRS. B. Oh, Bootles! (*Cries.*)

MR. B. If you'd only marry and settle down, we might make a man of you yet. I don't want to be hard on you.

MRS. B. Yes, Bootles, please do as your father says. Please get married and settle down.

BOOT. (*crosses to L.*). Get married? Oh, impossible!

MR. B. Oh, it's impossible, is it? Once for all and for the last time, will you be serious, marry, settle down and raise a family?

BOOT. (*appealingly*). But, father—

MR. B. (*at C.*). That's my last word. If you marry, I'll pay all your bills for a year.

SANDY (*at extreme L.*). You hear that, Bootles; he'll pay all your bills for a year.

MRS. B. (*at R. C.*). For my sake, Bootles. (*Tearfully.*)

SANDY (*aside to BOOT.*). Leave it to me. I'll fix things for you. (*Crosses to L. C., speaks to MR. B.*) Well, my dear Mr. Benbow, the fact is—

MR. B. (*who has been consoling MRS. B., now turns on SANDY furiously*). What have you to do in this matter, sir?

SANDY. I'm Bootles' friend. The fact is, Mr. Benbow, he can't get married. It's impossible.

BOOT. (*backing him up*). Yes, that's right. It's impossible.

MRS. B. Then there is some other woman. Oh, Bootles! (*Wails.*)

MA. Oh, who'd ever a thunk such a thing! Oh! (*Wails.*)

BETTY (*down R. with JONQUIL*). Oh, Bootles! (*Cries in JONQUIL'S arms.*)

SANDY (*loudly*). He can't get married because he's already married!

ALL. What?

SANDY. He's been married for two weeks.

ALL. Oh, Bootles! (*Women weep.*)

SANDY. His wife is here. She is my niece, Miss Flora McFlimsy.

BOOT. Why, yes, of course I'm married. (*Calls at L.*)
Flora, Flora, darling!

(*Lively music.*)

TAD (*heard off L. speaking in woman's voice*). Yes, beloved!

BOOT. Come here to hubby!

LADIES. Oh, Bootles! (*Loud cries.*)

JONQUIL. So, sir, you are a married man!

BOOT. (*confused*). No, I'm not; I mean, yes, I am.

SANDY. Of course he is. And here is his bonny little bride.

Enter TAD dressed in red, yellow wig, large red hat and red parasol.

TAD. Who called me?

SANDY (*leading TAD to MR. B.*). Mr. Benbow, here is your new daughter. Kiss him, Flora. He's Bootles' papa.

TAD. But who am I?

BOOT. You are my own little wifie.

(TAD kisses MR. B. at C. SANDY and BOOTLES shake hands. LADIES weeping, MRS. B. at R. C., MA up R., BETTY and JONQUIL down R.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Sitting-room and bedroom in Honeymoon Flats. Two weeks later than Act I. Time, mid-afternoon in June.*

The stage is arranged to show the interior of two rooms, a neatly furnished sitting-room occupies two-thirds of the stage at L., a piece of scenery with a door in it divides this from the bed-room that occupies one-third of the stage at R. In the sitting-room there is a neat carpet down, pen-nants and pictures on walls, a door C. leading to street. Square table down C. Small sofa down L. Easy chair down R. Other chairs and furniture at the discretion of the manager. In the bed-room is a small iron bed, made up, in upper L. corner. A table down R. C. with plain chairs around it. Door in R. wall leading to other part of the house. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music takes up the curtain.

BOOTLES, TAD, SHORTY, SLIVERS and SANDY discovered playing cards in bedroom, seated around table. Cards, poker chips, glasses of coca-cola, etc., on table.

LEVITICUS enters from R. with tray containing glasses of coca-cola.

SLIVERS. Hurry up, dingy; I'm as dry as the desert.

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah. Here she is. Right off de ice. (*Serves drinks.*)

SANDY (*rises*). I have a toast.

ALL. Hear, hear!

SANDY. Here's to our host, Bootles Benbow, who was kicked out of college, forced into married life, gets two hundred a month, and entertains like a prince!

TAD. And don't forget me. I'm his wife, you know.

SANDY. To Mr. and Mrs. Bootles Benbow. May they live long and prosper. (*Drinks.*)

SLIVERS. We're trying hard to get you back in college, Bootles.

SHORTY. - The whole class is talking of going on a strike.

BOOT. Nothing doing. College life is all right, my boys, but I say, and I say it emphatically, this is the life!

SLIVERS. Gee, I wish my dad would give me two hundred a month if I'd get married. Maybe if I married three wives I'd get six hundred.

BOOT. Don't talk of marrying three wives. If you had a wife like mine, you'd never want another.

SANDY. Yes, but if you had a wife like mine, you'd commit suicide.

SHORTY (*sits at table*). It's your deal, Slivers. (*All resume seats.*)

LEVITICUS. By golly! I wonder what de old man's goin' to say when he finds out you never has been married at all. Yere we is livin' in de Honeymoon Flats and habin' de time ob our sweet, young lives on two hundred a month; but some day de old man's goin' to get wise; and then, *good-night!* I'll have to go back and wait on table at de boarding-house again. (*Arranges room.*)

All are busily engaged when a loud knock is heard at door C., opening in other room.)

TAD. What's that!

SLIVERS. The police! (*All jump up.*)

SANDY. Maybe it's my wife. (*Crawls under table.*)

LEVITICUS. It's de police! Lawdy, lawdy! We's all goin' to be arrested. (*Runs around looking for a place to hide.*)

TAD (*jumps into bed and covers himself up*). Just tell them that you saw me. (*Knocking continues.*)

(*SLIVERS and SHORTY hide under bed. BOOT. runs out R. LEVITICUS goes into sitting-room, sits in easy chair and feigns sleep. Knocking continues.*)

SAL. (*outside*). Mistah Benbow! Mistah Benbow! I'se done brung de washing. (*Louder.*) Mistah Benbow! Is anybody at home?

Enter at C. D. into sitting-room SALAMANCA SPIVINS, with large covered clothes-basket. She comes down C.

SAL. Ain't dat aggravatin? Me comin' clean over hyah and dey ain't nobody at home. And I gotta collect nine dollars and nineteen cents from dese yere students. I simply has got to hab dat money, kase de circus is in town tomorrow, and if I don't get dat nine dollars and nineteen cents, I won't go to see de hippo-peat-apotamus. (*Sets basket down at C.*) Well, yere I is, and yere I stays until I gets ma money. (*The men in the bed-room stick their heads from their hiding places cautiously. They sneak down to door that divides the two rooms and peek into the sitting-room through the crack, their heads above one another.*).

LEVITICUS (*seated down R. gives a loud snore*).

SAL. (*alarmed*). Good lawsy, massy me! What's dat? (*Turns and sees him.*) Mmm! Jes' look at dat nigger. (*Shakes him.*) Boy, hist yourself and make your salutations!

LEVITICUS (*talking in his sleep*). Come a seben, come a leben; buy ma baby some pork chops and a new dress.

SAL. (*laughs*). Jes' listen at dat man talkin' in his sleep. He imagines dat he's shootin' craps. (*Takes feather duster and tickles him.*)

LEVITICUS (*gives a loud sneeze*).

SAL. (*shakes him*). Man, man, wake up and salute your lady love.

LEVITICUS (*opening his eyes*). Go way, gal, and let me sleep.

SAL. (*indignantly*). Let you sleep? Leviticus Abraham Lincoln Pinfeathers, what for you want to sleep when you has company? Where's your manners? Man, I axes you, where's your manners?

LEVITICUS (*rises slowly*). Lawdy, is dat you, Salamanca, honey? (*The men in the other room quietly resume their game.*)

SAL. Yes, it am. 'Pears like you ain't very superfluated to see me. Well, you listen to me, Leviticus Abraham Lincoln Pinfeathers, you ain't de only colored gen'le-

man in dis town. You might not think it, but dey is others. You might be a big, black buzzin' bumble bee, man, but Miss Salamanca Spivins ain't goin' to let no man sting her.

LEVITICUS. What fo' you comin' round yere pickin' a fuss wif me? What you want over yere in our college, anyhow?

SAL. I wants ma nine dollars and nineteen cents to go to de circus tomorrow. Dat's what I wants. Mr. Benbow owes me money.

LEVITICUS. He do? Dat boy certainly am de owingiest boy in de whole college.

SAL. Well, where is he? I needs ma money.

LEVITICUS. 'Deed I don't know where he is.

SAL. (*sits at L.*). Well, here I is, and here I stays until I gets ma nine dollars and nineteen cents.

LEVITICUS. Say, honey, I was only foolin' wif you. If you gets all dat money from hinr, I'll take you to de circus tomorrow.

SAL. Go way from yere, man. When I gets ma money, I keeps it. Ain't no nigger can separate me from ma nine dollars and nineteen cents.

LEVITICUS. I'll tell him you is here. (*Goes to door.*) And renmember, baby, I don't bear you no malice. You is still ma lady love. (*Goes into bed-room and whispers to BOOT.*)

BOOT. *enters sitting-room.*

BOOT. (*down R.*). Leviticus informed me that a iady desired to have the pleasure of an interview.

SAL. (*coming to C.*). Yes, sah, I'se de lady.

BOOT. Well, my charcoal-colored lily of the valley, what wouldst thou with me? (*Exit LEVITICUS at R.*)

SAL. (*puzzled*). What wouldst I? Man, I wouldst nine dollars and nineteen cents.

BOOT. Soft pedal, soft pedal and reverse your levers, Diana of the Washboards. Go slow. When anyone presents a bill to me it gives me palpitation of the heart.

SAL. You see, boss, it's dis way. You owes me for six-weeks' washing—and now youse married and ma price has riz.

BOOT. Oh, your price has riz because I'm married.

SAL. Yas, sah. Maybe I'd better see your wife.

BOOT. That's a good idea. Come back next week and see my wife.

SAL. No, sah. I can't come back no mo'. Kase de circus is comin' to town tomorrow. Where is your wife?

BOOT. That's what many a man would like to know—where his wife is. But, fair one of the ebon hue, my wife's in bed.

SAL. I wants to see her. In fact, I'se got to hab dat money.

BOOT. I haven't got it, but if you can get it from my wife, you're a daisy.

SAL. Well, can I see her?

BOOT. She owes you nine dollars and nineteen cents, you say?

SAL. She do. And I gotta hab ma money.

BOOT. And there she lies in yonder room snoring like a buzz saw. (*Dramatically.*) Wait here, fair maid. I prithee, here await, and anon I will return.

SAL. But—

BOOT. But me no buts. The evening sun is fast approaching night, and still she sleeps. I go, me Zulu princess, but soon shall I return. Tarry but a moment. Farewell, farewell, farewell. (*BOOT. goes into bed-room and speaks to TAD. TAD jumps into bed, puts on cap. The other men hide as before.*)

SAL. (*looking after BOOT.*). I'll bet a pair ob red stockings agin a yaller hound dog dat dat boy am gone crazy. He's a college student, and I neber yet saw a college student what was overstocked wif brains. But dat Benbow man certainly am de limit.

BOOT. (*returning to SAL.*). It's all right, my black-skinned beauty; my wife is ready to recevie you.

SAL. Well, what I wants to know is dis—does I get it or don't I get it?

BOOT. You'll have to see my wife. Come this way. (*Exits to bed-room.*)

SAL. (*entering bed-room*). 'Scuse me, lady for being so obstreperous, but you owes me nine dollars and nineteen cents and I wants ma money.

TAD (*in bed, speaking in girlish voice*). Oh, piffle.

SAL. What's dat?

TAD. I said my husband pays all the bills. Bootles, pay the lady what you owe her.

BOOT. Pay her yourself. You're my wife. You handle all the cash.

TAD. You haven't given me a cent since we were married.

BOOT. Certainly not. Who ever heard of a man giving his wife money?

SAL. Well, does I get it or don't I get it?

TAD. I'm afraid you don't get it.

SAL. (*takes basket and starts to leave*). No money, no clothes. (*Goes into sitting-room, followed by BOOT.*)

BOOT. (*grabbing basket*). Say, I've got to have some shirts.

SAL. (*struggling with basket*). Leave me alone, man. I wants ma money.

TAD. Hold onto the basket, Boots. If she takes it away we'll have to stay in here for the rest of the month.

BOOT. Come on! Give me the clothes! Tad, come here! (*TAD springs to his assistance and they take basket from SAL.*)

SAL. My lawsy, massy, it's a man! He's done gone and married a man. Gimme ma clothes and let me leave. Dis yere ain't respectable. (*They struggle for the clothes.*)

SANDY *comes from under table and enters sitting-room.*

SANDY. Here, here, what's the matter?

SAL. I wants ma money or I wants ma clothes.

SANDY (*severely*). Bootles, I am astonished. Why don't you give the lady her clothes?

TAD. If he does I'll have to stay in bed the rest of the week.

SAL. He said dat was his wife? Ain't it scandalous? Well, does I get it or don't I get it?

BOOT. Sandy, can you lend me ten dollars?

SANDY (*turning pockets inside out, showing them empty*). And me a married man? Whenever I get ten dollars my wife has a picnic.

SAL. I'll go to de police. I'se goin' to hab de whole bunch arrested. I'se been cheated out ob ma money and I'se been salted and battered, and he ain't got no wife at all.

Enter MA from C. D., breathless.

MA. Bootles; oh Bootles!

BOOT. Ma Baggsby! Sit down. Awfully glad to see you, Ma. Can you lend me ten dollars?

MA (*sinks in chair*). Wait till I get my breath. I never hurried so much in all my life. I'm on my way to the Suffragists' Parade, but I just had to stop here and put you on your guard.

BOOT. My guard? What's happened now?

MA. Your father and mother are here in town. They want to give you a little pleasant surprise.

BOOT. Great heavens! It *will* be a pleasant surprise.

MA. They are coming over to call on your wife.

TAD. To call on me? Good-night! I ain't at home. I've gone to Colorado for my health.

SAL. Well, does I get it or don't I get it?

MA. Get what, Salamanca?

SAL. Ma money. I'm goin' to hab dat man arrested for salt and batter and beatin' me out ob ma nine dollars and nineteen cents.

BOOT. For goodness sakes, get out. If I had the money I'd pay you. Come back tomorrow.

SAL. No, sah. I'll come back today, and when I does, I'll come back with a policeman.

MA. And I haven't got a cent with me.

SAL. Dere's something goin' on here dat's agin de law. Dat man ain't no more married dan I is.

BOOT. (*yells*). Get out!

SAL. Dat's jest what I'se goin' to do. But I'm comin back. I ain't goin' to let no man beat me out ob ma nine dollars and nineteen cents. (*Exits C. D.*)

BOOT. Sandy, hurry on over to Fleurette's and get that costume and wig again. Tad, you got to be my wife. (*Exit SANDY, C. D.*)

TAD. Nothing doing. It's too hot to be your wife today. Tell your folks that your wife is very ill. Say she has the hydrophobia. Or say it's the smallpox.

MA. I've got to go. (*To BOOT.*) Your mother is going to make an address at the suffrage meeting. That's why they came today. (*Goes to C. D.*) Oh, Bootles, why did you get expelled from college? Then all this would never have happened.

BOOT. Don't worry, ma; it'll all come out all right.

TAD. Are the young ladies coming to visit us, too?

MA. Yes, both of them. They are so anxious to renew acquaintance with Bootles' wife. Betty says you are the dearest thing.

TAD. Good for Betty.

MA. But I've just got to go. The parade starts in five minutes, and I'm going to carry a banner. (*Exits C. D.*)

BOOT. Now I am up against it. Dad will find out everything, and just as I was getting my patent air brake in good shape. If I can string dad into letting me loaf here a couple of weeks longer, I'll invent a brake that will bring me a million. I've got the idea and the plans—all I need is the working model.

SLIVERS and SHORTY enter sitting-room.

SLIVERS We've got to go to class. Got a written exam in Greek Art this afternoon.

SHORTY. Yes. See you all some more. (*Exit C. D. with SLIVERS.*)

TAD. See here, Bootles, I don't want to be your wife. You don't realize how hard it is to breathe in that costume. And besides, I want to talk to Betty.

BOOT. Hello. He calls her Betty.

TAD. It's all right, isn't it?

BOOT. If you ever want me to put in a good word for you with my sister, you've got to help me out of this scrape.

TAD. But suppose your folks decide to make us a visit. Suppose they stay a couple of days, or a week. Good-night!

BOOT. It's all Sandy's fault. He had no business saying that I was married in the first place.

TAD. And in the second place, he had no business saying that I was your wife.

Enter SANDY, C. D., followed by FLEURETTE with costume box.

SANDY. Well, I got her. Here's your costume, Tad.

FLEURETTE. Oh, but he have make me hurry so. Ze breath is all out of me. Navaire did I run in all my life so fast.

BOOT. Did you bring the costume and the wig?

FLEURETTE. See, zey are here. Ze bill is five dollars.

BOOT. Charge it. I'll pay next week.

FLEURETTE. It is against my rules to charge ze bill. (*Close to BOOT.*) But for you, monsieur; for you, it is well. I charge ze bill.

BOOT. Much obliged, I'm sure.

FLEURETTE. You remind me so much of my Henri, monsieur. He 'ave ze same hair, ze same eyes, ze same strong arms, ze same vinning vays. But, *helas, monsieur*, he is far away in France. Ah (*sighs*), it is verra, verra sad to have one's Henri far away in France.

SANDY. We're losing time. Come on Tad. Put on the costume.

Enter SELINA McCANN from C. D.

SELINA. Pop, oh, Pop! Where are you?

SANDY. Here I am, Selina. What do you want?

SELINA. Ma's on the warpath. Just as she was going into the suffrage parade she saw you running down the street with a lady. She's chasing all over town after you.

SANDY. Was she angry, Selina?

SELINA. Angry ain't the word. She's hopping.

SANDY. I'd better go home and get under the bed. Here's a nickel for you, Selina.

SELINA. Can't you make it a quarter, pop?

SANDY. Not today. Run along now; that's a good little girl. And whatever you do, don't tell your mother that you saw me.

SELINA. All right, pop; I'm wise. I'll be as mum as an oyster, but it'll cost you just twenty-five cents.

SANDY. Angel child! I'll give you a quarter next week.

SELINA (*at door C.*). Nix on that next week gag. I get the money tonight or I'll tell maw all I know.

SANDY. All right, papa's darling. You get the money tonight.

SELINA. You'd better get under cover, paw, 'cause maw's on the warpath. (*Exit C. D.*)

BOOT. Come on, Tad. They're liable to be here any minute.

TAD. Oh, tell them your wife's eloped with another man.

BOOT. Come on. (*Drags him to bed-room.*)

FLEURETTE. Vell, I must be going. I am going to march in ze grand parade. I, too, am a suffragette.

Enter SAL. from C. D., followed by OFFICER RILEY.

SAL. Where is he? Where is he? Where am de man who robbed me ob ma nine dollars and nineteen cents?

SANDY. Who are you looking for?

SAL. For dat Mr. Bootles Benbow. Dat's who we is looking for.

BOOT. *comes into sitting-room. TAD takes costume box and exits R.*

BOOT. What's all the row?

SAL. Dere he is. Dat's him. Mr. Policeman, dere's de man. I wants him arrested.

RILEY. Sure. This colored lady has made a complaint against you, sor.

BOOT. What is the charge?

RILEY. She says there is a man here masquerading as a lady, and that's agin the law.

BOOT. Why, it's perfectly absurd. It makes me laugh. (*Laughs.*)

SANDY. Absolutely ridiculous! (*Laughs.*)

FLEURETTE. Positively killing! (*Laughs.*)

BOOT. (*loud laughter*). A man masquerading as a lady! Whoever heard of such a thing!

SAL. You said it was your wife. And if she wasn't a man, how come she was dressed dat way?

BOOT. My wife always wears the latest creations. That was the newest thing in afternoon costumes, Salamanca.

RILEY. This sounds suspicious. I'll just take a look at your wife.

BOOT. Oh, impossible. My wife never allows policemen to look at her. (*SAL. talks to POLICEMAN in pantomime.*)

SANDY (*aside to BOOT.*). I have an idea. Leave it to me. I'll fix things for you.

BOOT. You're always fixing things. You fixed things before in great shape.

SANDY (*coming to RILEY at C.*). Mr. Benbow was jesting. Of course you can see his wife. (*Takes FLEURETTE by hand.*) This is Mrs. Benbow. Allow me to present his wife.

BOOT. What!

FLEURETTE. His wife! Me, Mimi Fleurette, his wife?

SANDY. Of course. You *are* his wife, ain't you?

FLEURETTE. Oh, yes; certainment, I am his wife.

SANDY (*triumphantly, to RILEY*). There. What did I tell you.

RILEY (*to FLEURETTE*). Begorry, I'm glad to meet you. (*To SAL.*) Sure, you must be crazy to call this illigint young lady a man. I've a good notion to run yeez in for contempt of court.

SAL. Boss, lemme explain—

FLEURETTE (*to RILEY*). Ah, sir, I fear zee poor black lady is vat you call a little crazy in ze head.

SAL. Who? Me? Who you callin' crazy in de haid?

FLEURETTE (*winningly to RILEY*). Will not ze grand police officer sit down and have with us ze cup of tea?

RILEY. Sure and I don't mind if I do.

SAL. But I also wants ma monee, ma nine dollars and nineteen cents.

RILEY. Sure, begorry I'd forgotten all about that. She says yez owe her nine dollars and nineteen cints.

BOOT. 'Tis true, officer. I don't deny that. (*To FLEURETTE.*) My dear, have you any small change about?

FLEURETTE (*looks in purse*). *Helas, mon mari*, no. I have only ze fifty cents.

SANDY. Leave it to me. Come into the dining-room and have a cup of tea.

RILEY. I'll do it, and I beg pardon, sor, fer disturbin' so fine a young couple on their honeymoon.

(SANDY, FLEURETTE and BOOT. *go into bed-room, followed by RILEY.*)

RILEY (*looks around*). Begorry, it's a peculiar looking dining-room.

SANDY. Oh, these flats are so small, every room has to do double service. The room we just left was the kitchen. (*All sit around table.*)

BOOT. Leviticus!

Enter LEVITICUS from R.

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah, yere I is.

BOOT. You may serve the tea in here.

LEVITICUS. Serve what?

BOOT. The tea. Are you deaf?

LEVITICUS. Deed, boss, we ain't got no tea. Nothin' but — (*whispers in BOOT's ear.*)

BOOT. All right; that'll do; but serve it in tea cups. And say, Leviticus, have you got ten dollars?

LEVITICUS. Ten dollars? No, sah; if I had dat much money, I'd get married. (*Exit R.*)

SANDY. And now, Mrs. Benbow, won't you entertain us with a little music until the tea is ready?

FLEURETTE. Ah, zat will be a grand pleasure.

FLEURETTE *introduces specialty. During the singing of this LEVITICUS serves tea and wafers. All sit at table and eat.*

BOOT. (*draws LEVITICUS down stage and speaks to him aside*). Leviticus, I think your lady friend is waiting out there in the other room. (*LEVITICUS goes into sitting-room and finds SAL. asleep.*)

LEVITICUS (*kisses her*). Wake up, fair star ob de evening, and salute old nran Moon.

SAL. (*awakens*). Go way, man. I ain't in no mood for jollification.

RILEY (*at table in other room*). Sure and this is the finest tay I ever drank. I wish me own wife would serve tay like this. If she did, I'd spind more time at home, begorry.

BOOT. Have some more, officer. (*Fills his cup from tea-pot.*)

LEVITICUS. Salamanca, honey, has you got ten dollars?

SAL. Yes, I has, and I'se goin' to get nine dollars and nineteen cents more before I leaves dis house. I'se goin' to hab you all arrested.

LEVITICUS. What? You wouldn't hab your own true Leviticus arrested, would you?

SAL. Yes, I would. You is too obstreperous for me.

LEVITICUS. No, I ain't, honey. I don't love no one else but you.

SAL. And is you goin' to take me to de circus tomorrow?

LEVITICUS. Ob course I is. And more'n dat, I'se goin' to marry you some day, jest as soon as I git enough money saved up.

SAL. Honest, is you?

LEVITICUS. Ob course I is. Now you lend me dat ten dollars.

SAL. What you want it for?

LEVITICUS. I wants it to buy you an engagement ring. Dat's what I wants it for. I'm going to get you a diamond solitaire set wif pearls and carbuncles, dat's what I is.

SAL. (*produces money*). And is we engaged to get married, Leviticus?

LEVITICUS (*tries to grab money*). Yes, Salamanca, we is engaged.

SAL. (*holding money from him*). I'se got to hab a witness, I has.

LEVITICUS. Gimme dat ten dollars and you can hab a whole city full ob witnesses.

SAL. (*gives it to him reluctantly*). Remember, you'se goin' to buy me an engagement ring with dat money.

LEVITICUS. Yes, honey, you'll get dat ring sure.

BOOT. Leviticus!

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah. I'se comin'. (*Goes into bedroom.*)

BOOT. (*meeting him*). Did you get it?

LEVITICUS. Yas, sah. There she am. Ten dollars.

BOOT. Ah, very good. Much obliged. I'll give you fifteen tomorrow.

LEVITICUS (*anxiously*). Don't forget it, boss. Please don't forget it. 'Cause tomorrow is circus day, and sometimes you has a powerful short memory. (*Exit R.*)

FLEURETTE. Husband, ze officer say he must have ze nine dollarie and nineteen cents.

BOOT. Why, certainly, my love. Here it is. (*Gives her two five-dollar bills.*)

FLEURETTE. Ah! Now, officer, here is ze money. (*Gives it to him.*)

RILEY. Begorry, you're a fine lot of people and it's a fine visit I've had. (*Goes to sitting-room.*) See here, you. (*To SAL.*)

SAL. Yes, sah. Well, does I get it, or don't I get it?

RILEY. Sure. Yez gets five and I gets five; and don't yez be troubling me again.

SAL. Is five all I gets?

RILEY. And don't yez think the police force has to make a livin'? I'm a married man, I am. (*Hands her bill.*) Now, sure you'd better clear out of here and not be after having dacent people arristed agin.

SAL. And all I gets is five dollars. Well, when we suf-fragettes gets in office we's goin' to hab lady policemen, and I sure is goin' to send in ma application for de job. Den I'll show you what is what.

RILEY. Lady policemen, is it?

SAL. Yas sah; and we won't take no back talk from de Irish. (*Exit C.*)

RILEY. She insulted me. And right before me very face.

Come back here, you black gorilla; you're arristed for contimpt of court. (*Exit C.*)

BOOT. Fleurette, you're a brick. (*Brings her in sitting-room.*) I never can thank you enough for what you have done for me today.

FLEURETTE (*coyly*). Ah, zat is nothing, monsieur; nothing.

BOOT. But it is. You almost saved my life. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Enter LEVITICUS in time to see the kiss.

LEVITICUS. Oh, golly! I begs your pardon.

FLEURETTE. Don't mention it. I was just going. (*Cross to C. D., blows kiss to BOOT.*) Au revoir, my little husband. (*Exit C. D.*)

LEVITICUS. Seems to me dat lady's kind o' familiar, boss. She called you her little husband.

BOOT. Of course she did. That was my wife.

LEVITICUS. Your what?

BOOT. My wife.

LEVITICUS. Say, boss, how many wives has you got?

BOOT. Oh, don't bother me. I've got so many troubles now.

Enter SHORTY, C. D.

SHORTY. Say, Boots, the suffrage parade is coming. Your mother is the leader and they're all coming here to call on your wife.

BOOT. (*aghast*). To call on my wife? Which wife? I mean—which one of my wives—I mean—oh, I don't know what I *do* mean. (*Runs into bed-room.*) Tad, Tad! Sandy! Bring my wife here quick!

Enter SANDY followed by TAD from R. TAD wears skirt and wig and is trying to get into the waist of the costume.

TAD. I got part of it on, but I can't get in the waist. I must have taken on weight last week.

Music heard outside. The Suffragette March. Tune, "There is a Tavern in the Town."

SHORTY. Hurry up. They're all coming in here.

BOOT. Hurry up! Get it on somehow. My mother is coming to call on you.

(TAD makes violent efforts to dress, assisted by SANDY.)

BOOT. (runs into sitting-room). Leviticus, you and Shorty go down and head 'em off. My wife ain't ready. (Music heard nearer. Exit LEVITICUS and SHORTY, C. D.)

TAD (yells). You're squeezing the life out of me!

SANDY. Give me a pin. I want some pins.

BOOT. (runs into bed-room). Here's a whole paper of pins.

SANDY (to TAD). Now, stand still while I pin you up the back.

TAD (stuck with pin). Ouch! Say, Boots, tell them your wife's gone to the country. (Music loud right outside of C. D.)

LEVITICUS is pushed through C. D.

LEVITICUS. Run, boss; run. De whole house is full of women. Dey like to killed and murdered me when I tried to stop 'em! (Runs out R.)

BOOT. (running distractedly around the stage). Hurry, up, Tad! Hurry! It's my last chance.

LEVITICUS runs on from R. carrying large ax and bucket of water.

LEVITICUS. Lemme at 'em! Lemme at 'em! (Music and noise outside.)

BOOT. They're breaking down the door.

LEVITICUS (crawls under table). Dis is my last hour on earth.

MRS. B. (heard outside). Bootles, Bootles, where are you?

BOOT. Here I am, mamma. Come right in.

Enter, marching, three supers (men dressed as women, playing fifes and snare drums, followed by MRS. B., MA, MRS. M., SELINA, JULIET, FLEURETTE, and lastly SALAMANCA, beating a bass drum. Several have banners reading "Votes for Women," "Down with the Men," "Let the Women Rule," etc. Others have horns, pennants, etc.

They march once around the stage and then line up in front for song. SANDY in bed-room is making violent efforts to dress TAD. BOOT. runs around stage distractedly. LEVITICUS sticks head out from under table.

SUFFRAGETTE SONG.

(To tune of "There is a Tavern in the Town.")

There is a movement going round, going round,
We've conquered every state and town, state and town,
And every woman in the land
Will soon be voting like a man!

Down with men, our war cry ringing,
As we march let's all be singing,
For the women they are bound to rule the world, the world!
Then on to vict'ry, on to vic-to-ry,
We'll trample down the men, and we'll be free,
To vote and be elected is our cry,
The suffragettes will do or die.

We want a lady president, president.
To rule the world is our intent, our intent.
The lady police will run men in,
The lady judge will take their tin.

Down with the men, our war cry ringing, etc.

Then forward, sisters, to the fray, to the fray,
We'll win our battle, yea or nay, yea or nay,
The men will have to stay at home
And wash the dishes while we roam.

Down with the men, our war cry ringing, etc.

MRS. B. Ladies, sisters, workers in the cause, it is indeed a pleasure for me to vish your beautiful little city.

LADIES (*applaud*). Hear, hear!

SAL. Hurray! (*Hits bass drum.*)

MRS. B. We are here to show the men what we can do. We are here to demand our rights. We are here not to beg

for the ballot, but to demand it, and if it is refused we are ready to fight, yea to die, in the grand and glorious cause of Woman's Rights. (LADIES *wildly applaud.*)

SAL. Hurray! (*Hits drum.*)

MRS. B. The men say we are not able to rule. Show me a married man who dares to assert that the women are not able to rule.

SAL. Yas! Show him to me! Show him to me!

MRS. B. The time has come for the women to do something. We have been idle too long. Sisters, we shall be idle no longer. (LADIES *applaud.*)

SAL. Hurray! (*Hits drum.*)

MRS. B. We want the ballot, we want to be elected to office, we want women policemen, women judges, women sailors, women soldiers. In fact, we want the earth.

SAL. Dat's right. We want the earth.

MRS. B. Bootles, where is your wife? We have come to her to take her with us. She, too, must take up the grand and glorious cause of female suffrage.

BOOT. I'll see where she is. (*Goes into bed-room.*)

TAD. It's no use. I can't get into it.

BOOT. Then put a shawl on and come anyway.

SANDY. Hold still. Give me a big pin.

TAD. Ouch! Sandy, you're killing me!

MRS. M. Sandy! My husband is in that room. (*Screams.*)

MRS. M. *runs over to bedroom, enters it, sees SANDY, bangs banner over his head, forces him to his knees.*

SANDY. My wife! Help! help! It's all a mistake! (BOOT. *takes TAD by hand and leads him to MRS. B.*)

BOOT. Mamma, here is my wife. She says she is already a suffragette.

LADIES. She is? Hurray!

SAL (*excitedly*). Dat ain't his wife! Dat ain't his wife! (*Takes FLEURETTE by hand and leads her to MRS. B.*) Dis am his wife. I heard her say so.

FLEURETTE. Of course I am Bootles' wife.

ALL. You?

FLEURETTE. Yes, we were married this morning. Weren't we, Bootles?

BOOT. Yes, of course. I mean no. No, this is my wife. (*Indicating TAD.*)

ALL. Oh, Bootles, how many wives have you?

BOOT. I don't know. Sandy, Sandy, where are you?

SANDY (*meekly*). Here I am. (*Mrs. M. leads him in by ear.*)

MRS. B. (*points to TAD*). This is your wife and you know it. You said her name was Flora McFlimsey.

Enter RILEY, C. D.

RILEY (*to Mrs. B.*). The Mayor sint me here to inform yez that the suffragoots will have to make less noise on the strate. Sure we will have no riots here, or I'll arrist the whole bunch of yez.

SAL. Policemen, isn't dis yere lady (*indicates FLEURETTE*) dat man's wife? (*Points to BOOT.*)

RILEY. Av coorse she is, and a foine little lady she is, too.

BOOT. Sandy, help me out of this.

SANDY. Why, it's the simplest thing in the world. Both of these ladies are Bootles' wives.

ALL. Both of them?

SANDY. Certainly. Bootles has joined the Mormons and hath taken unto himself two wives, and they're both suffragettes.

MRS. B. Is it possible?

TAD. Sure, we're suffragettes. Come on; fall in line. Start up the band. We'll march over to the Mayor's office and take him by storm. Ladies, attention! Present arms! Now, forward, march!

(*Band plays. LADIES march around stage, shouting and waving pennants. RILEY and LEVITICUS fall in line. BOOT. shakes hands with SANDY down C. Swell music as—*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Same Scene as Act II. Lights on full. Music takes up the curtain. BOOT. discovered at C. D. looking out.

BOOT. (*coming down C. in sitting-room*). Now let me see where I stand. Dad thinks I'm married to my roommate; the policeman thinks I'm married to the costumer, and my mother thinks I'm married to both of them. And it's all due to the way Sandy fixed things. Poor old Sandy. He did his best. He'll have a harder time to fix things with his wife than he did for me. If I don't hear from the Speed Motor Car Company this week, I'm going to touch dad for a twenty and take a model of my air brake over to them myself.

Enter MRS. B. and FLEURETTE at C. D.

MRS. B. Bootles Benbow, what does this mean?

BOOT. What does what mean, mamma?

MRS. B. That man you are trying to palm off as your wife.

BOOT. Man? What man?

MRS. B. Don't pretend to misunderstand. I know everything. You have deceived us.

BOOT. Deceived you? Why, I never dreamed of deceiving you.

MRS. B. We went to the suffragist meeting, I made a speech, and that man you said was your wife got excited, jumped on a chair and started to give the college yell. (*Walks up and down excitedly.*) Oh, I never was so mortified in all my life.

BOOT. (*following her up and down*). Be calm, mamma.

FLEURETTE (*same business*). Yes, madame, be calm.

BOOT. It was all a mistake of Sandy's. He was trying to play a joke on me. This is my wife.

FLEURETTE. Zat is vat I say all along. I am heez wife.

MRS. B. And that other impostor?

BOOT. That was my room-mate, Tad Cheseldine. He was rehearsing for the college play the day you and father

visited us and, just for a joke, Sandy introduced him as my wife.

MRS. B. Then it was all a joke?

BOOT. Yes, all a joke. This is my only wife.

MRS. B. Come, my dear, we must get back to the meeting. I have another speech to make. (*Cross to C. D. with FLEURETTE.*) Bootles, you'd better be careful and not joke with your father. He don't like jokes. (*Exit C. D. with FLEURETTE.*)

BOOT. (*sinks in chair*). Now where do I stand?

Enter TAD from R. He comes into sitting-room.

TAD (*his dress and hat awry*). I had to sneak in the back way. They found me out and I nearly was mobbed.

BOOT. It served you right. Why on earth did you have to jump on a chair and give the college yell?

TAD. That's all the thanks I get for trying to help you out of your scrape. (*Starts to R.*)

BOOT. Where are you going?

TAD. I'm going to get into my clothes again. I can't breathe in this dress. (*Exit R.*)

Enter MR. B., C. D.

MR. B. (*coming down to BOOT. in sitting-room*). Ah, Bootles, my boy, I'm glad to see you. (*Shakes hands.*) How's the wife?

BOOT. The wife—which wife? I mean, she's all right. Both of them are.

MR. B. (*surprised*). Why, what are you talking about?

BOOT. I don't know. I'm so excited. Mother has just been here with a bunch of suffragettes and it got me so excited.

MR. B. I can't see why your mother persists in such nonsense. She's over at the Town Hall making a speech, so I came to call on you in your cosy little home.

BOOT. Awfully glad to see you, dad. Let me hang up your hat.

MR. B. (*rubbing hands*). I tell you, Bootles, things are booming. My new cracker is making a wonderful hit.

Here's some samples. Have a cracker? (*Produces tin box and hands him one.*)

BOOT. (*takes one and eats*). Thanks. They're awfully good.

MR. B. (*proudly*). I guess they are. They're making all my competitors sit up and take notice.

BOOT. (*making wry face at cracker*). Yes, they ought to make some one sit up and take notice.

MR. B. How's business with you?

BOOT. I sent the blue print of the air-brake to the Speed Motor Car Company last week, and I'm waiting to hear from them.

MR. B. (*slaps him on back*). Good. You'll be a famous man some day, Bootles, my boy. I'm glad you left college.

BOOT. Sometimes I wish I were back again. When I hear the fellows singing at night and see them going with arms interlocked over the old campus, it makes me feel like a scoundrel to have been kicked out of college.

MR. B. Nonsense. You're a man of family now.

BOOT. (*at R.*). Who—me? Not yet; not yet.

MR. B. (*at C.*). Where is Flora?

BOOT. Flora? Flora who?

MR. B. (*surprised*). Why, Flora, my daughter-in-law. Your wife.

BOOT. Oh, you mean that Flora. She's around somewhere. I think she's putting a couple of new tires on the car.

MR. B. Call her in. I want to have a talk with her.

BOOT. Honest, dad, I don't think Flora is well today. She can't talk.

MR. B. Nonsense. If she can put tires on that touring car, I guess she's well enough to see me.

BOOT. She's doing that for exercise. The doctor ordered it.

Enter TAD, R., dressed as girl.

TAD (*at L. of Mr. B.*). Boots, is everything all right? Oh, I beg pardon.

MR. B. Flora, come in. I want to see you.

TAD. Oh, no; I'm too bashful.

MR. B. That's no way to talk to your father-in-law. Come here and kiss me like a dutiful daughter.

TAD (*positively*). Nothing doing. Nothing doing. The doctor positively forbids me to kiss anyone. It's not good for my complexion.

MR. B. And how are the two little turtle doves getting along here in Honeymoon Flats?

BOOT. (*at R.*). Fine. We are leading an ideal life.

TAD. Bet your boots. This is *some* life we are leading.

MR. B. Remember, Bootles, I'm awfully proud of you. Do you know I'd give ten thousand dollars if I were a grandfather.

TAD. What!

BOOT. (*after a pause*). There, now, dad, you've offended my wife. You have no idea how bashful she is. Why she's as modest as a little mountain daisy.

TAD. I think I'll go to my room. You'll excuse me, won't you, father. I have some plain sewing and cross stitching to do this afternoon. I'm making the dearest little doilies. (*Cross to L.*) Awfully glad you called—and we need some more money. Yes, we do, Bootles. You know what a dreadful scene we had with the wash-lady this afternoon. It's so hard to get along on only two hundred a month. (*Exit through bedroom and out R.*)

MR. B. What does she want—the earth?

BOOT. I'd better go to her, dad. I think you hurt her feelings. She's so sensitive that it hurts her. Just sit here and wait. I'll be back directly. (*Exit R.*)

Enter MRS. B. and FLEURETTE at C. D.

MRS. B. Ah, there you are. I just dropped by for you. You must come over and meet the mayor.

MR. B. Haven't got time. I've got to catch the next train back home.

MRS. B. Where are the girls? I thought they were with you.

MR. B. No. Betty has gone riding with Miss Gray. I'm to meet them here in about fifteen minutes.

MRS. B. (*leading FLEURETTE down to him*). I want you to meet Bootles' wife.

MR. B. I've just been talking to her. She's doing cross stitching in her room.

MRS. B. Impossible. My dear, this is Mr. Benbow, your father-in-law.

MR. B. What?

MRS. B. This is your new daughter, Benjamin. This is Bootles' wife.

MR. B. Say, how many wives has Bootles got?

MRS. B. Oh, that other one was only his room-mate.

MR. B. What!

MRS. B. It was Tad Cheseldine masquerading as a woman.

MR. B. Masquerading? I don't understand.

MRS. B. Neither do I. But I think it was only a college joke. This is the real Mrs. Benbow, junior.

FLEURETTE. Ah, yes; it is true. I am ze real Mrs. Benbow.

MR. B. Indeed? How long have you been married?

FLEURETTE (*rattled*). How long? I do not know. I never can remember little zings like zat.

MR. B. (*loudly*). And where is your license, madame? Where is your license?

FLEURETTE. My license? Let me see—where is my license?

Enter SELINA from C. D.

SELINA. Is Mis' Benbow here?

MRS. B. Yes; I am Mrs. Benbow.

SELINA. I came from the meeting. They're all ready for your speech.

MRS. B. Good gracious! (*To FLEURETTE.*) Come, dear, we must hurry. (*Exit C. D., followed by FLEURETTE.*)

SELINA. Yes, that's right. You gotta hurry. You'd better come on over, mister, and see the show. It don't cost nothing. (*Exit C. D.*)

MR. B. I think Bootles is trying to bamboozle me. I don't believe he is married at all.

Enter RILEY from C. D.

RILEY (*not seeing Mr. B., who is seated at R.*). Begorry, I think there's something suspicious going on here right before me very face. Sure the young man claimed to have two wives and that's agin the law. I think I'll arrest the whole bunch of 'em on the charge of arson.

MR. B. (*rises and comes to him*). An officer!

RILEY. Yis, sor, and me name's Riley.

MR. B. What are you doing here?

RILEY. I'm going to pull the house. A young man told me right before me very face that he had two wives, and that's agin the law.

MR. B. (*hands him a dollar bill*). I wonder if you would do a little work for me?

RILEY (*looks at bill*). Sure, he's trying to bribe me. (*To Mr. B.*) I beg pardon, sor, but do you think I'd accept a bribe?

MR. B. A bribe? Certainly not. Whoever heard of a policeman accepting a bribe?

RILEY (*pockets it*). And right before me very face. (*To Mr. B.*) Well, I'm glad you look at it in that light.

MR. B. I want you to stay around here and keep your eyes open. I want to find out how many wives that young man has, or if he has any at all. Report to me and I'll give you ten dollars.

RILEY. Ah, ha! Is it some detective work yez want me to be doing?

MR. B. Something like that.

RILEY. I'll do it. I'll go home and disguise myself as a college student. Then I'll return and surround the house. (*Exit C. D.*)

MR. B. If I find out that Bootles has been deceiving me, I'll fire him out of the house and not a penny of my money will ever come his way. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter BOOT. from R. He enters sitting-room.

BOOT. I've finally persuaded Tad to keep on playing my wife for the rest of the day. I wish the family would go back home and leave us here in peace. (*Knock on C. D.*) Come in.

Enter BETTY and JONQUIL from C. D.

BETTY (*coming to BOOT.*). Bootles!

BOOT. (*shaking hands*). Betty!

BETTY. This is Miss Gray. Of course you remember her.

BOOT. (*shaking hands with JONQUIL*). As if I could ever forget.

JONQUIL. And I've quite recovered from my little spell of deafness, Mr. Benbow. Have you?

BOOT. Oh, yes; quite recovered. Awfully glad to see you. You must stay over for the show tonight.

BETTY. Where's Flora?

BOOT. Oh, do you want to see Flora, too?

BETTY. Of course we do. We came to call on your wife.

BOOT. She'll be delighted. (*Goes to R. and calls.*)
Flora! Oh, Flora!

Enter TAD, R.

TAD. Yes, hubby, what is it?

BOOT. My sister and Miss Gray.

TAD (*advancing to BETTY*). Oh, you dear thing. (*Kisses her.*)

BOOT. Here, here, cut that out.

BETTY (*at R. of sitting-room with TAD*). What's the matter?

BOOT. (*at L. with JONQUIL*). You mustn't kiss my wife. I don't allow anyone to kiss my wife but me.

TAD. Nonsense. (*Meets JONQUIL at C.*). So glad you have called. (*Kisses her.*)

BOOT. (*grabs TAD and whirls him to L.*). You wait till I get you alone.

JONQUIL (*goes to BETTY at R.*). How he treats her.

BETTY. I don't think they can be very happy together.

BOOT. There's germs in kissing and I don't want Flora to get germs.

JONQUIL (*to TAD*). We want to take you over to the Suffrage Meeting. Mrs. Benbow is going to speak on "What a Wife Owes Her Husband."

TAD. I know what one husband owes his wife.

BETTY (*looking at wrist watch*). Oh, Jonquil, it is way past the time. Mamma must be speaking now. We'd better hurry.

JONQUIL. Yes. (*To TAD.*) Won't you come with us, Mrs. Benbow?

TAD. No, I don't think I can today. I've got to shave.

GIRLS. Shave?

TAD. I mean my husband has to shave, and he never likes to have me out when he has to shave.

BETTY. Bootles, what's become of Mr. Cheseldine? I haven't seen him today. Aren't you and he chums any longer?

BOOT. Well—er—

JONQUIL. Probably your wife doesn't approve of Mr. Cheseldine.

BETTY. I don't see why. I think he's a perfect dear. (*To TAD.*) Don't you?

TAD. My opinion exactly.

BETTY. And he's so good looking. Isn't he?

TAD. Do you think so? (*At C. with BETTY.*)

BETTY. I should say I do. I don't mind telling you, as it's all in the family, but I'm perfectly crazy about Mr. Cheseldine.

TAD. That's nice. That's awfully nice. He's perfectly crazy about you, too.

BETTY (*eagerly*). How do you know? Did he tell you so? Does he ever talk about me?

TAD. He never talks about anybody else. He said that you were the only girl he could ever learn to love.

JONQUIL (*crosses to C. D., leaving her parasol behind at R.*). Come, Betty, we must hurry.

TAD. Oh, don't go yet. The conversation is just beginning to get interesting.

BETTY. If you see Mr. Cheseldine, tell him to come over to the Suffrage Meeting. I'll be waiting for him.

TAD. He'll be there. Johnny on the spot.

JONQUIL (*at door*). Good-bye. We've had such a charming visit.

BETTY (*to TAD*). Good-bye. I'm awfully fond of you, Flora. (*Kisses him.*)

BOOT. (*tearing his hair*). Here, here, cut that out!

BETTY. Good-bye. We'll be back to lunch. (*Exit C. D. with JONQUIL.*)

TAD (*removes skirt of dress*). Now, it's fare-the-well, Flora McFlimsey. (*Addressing skirt.*) You've done been a good old wife, but you've got to find a new husband. (*Door bell rings.*)

BOOT. (*alarmed*). There's some one at the door. Put on that skirt.

TAD. Nothing doing. Tell them I've skipped to Cuba. (*Runs out R.*)

BOOT. (*pursuing him*). Come here. Wait a minute. (*Runs out R.*)

Enter BETTY and JONQUIL from C. D.

BETTY (*sees parasol*). Here it is. (*Takes it.*)

JONQUIL. Thank you. I knew I left it here.

Enter TAD from R. without skirt, but with all other feminine make-up on. He runs on pursued by BOOT. TAD dodges around table in bedroom and runs in sitting-room.

GIRLS (*scream loudly*).

TAD (*seeing girls*). Good-night.

TAD *tries to run out C. D. but encounters LEVITICUS, who enters. They rush into each other, both fall to floor. Enter BOOT, running from R. Tableau.*

TAD (*rises minus the wig knocked off by LEVITICUS.*)
Excuse me.

GIRLS (*down L.*). It's Mr. Cheseldine.

BOOT. (*at C.*). No, it's his twin sister. It's my wife.

BETTY. It is not. I'd know Mr. Cheseldine anywhere. You are Mr. Cheseldine, aren't you?

TAD (*holding up left hand*). Guilty, yer honor.

JONQUIL (*crosses to BOOT.*). Then you haven't any wife at all?

BOOT. Nobody but Tad.

JONQUIL. But why did you pretend?

BOOT. (*at L. with her*). The governor was going to kick me out, but he said he'd forgive me if I were married. So I told him I was and he made us an allowance of two hundred a month. We moved over here to Honeymoon Flats and Tad and I have been keeping house ever since.

BETTY (*to TAD at R.*). And I thought you were Flora McFlimsey. Oh, I'm so ashamed of the things I said. What will you think of me?

TAD. Just wait till I get some other clothes on and I'll tell you. Come on, Leviticus. This is no place for us. (*Exit R.*)

LEVITICUS. Ain't all dis yere goings on scand'lous? I'se jest about mortified to death. Dis yere job am gettin' too antedeluvian for me, so I reckon dis yere colored gentleman gotta get another position. Reckon I'd better get married to Salamanca Spivins. Den I won't have to do no more work. (*Exit R. muttering to himself.*)

BOOT. (*to JONQUIL*). Can you ever forgive me?

JONQUIL. Of course I can. It was all a college joke.

BOOT. I've been interested in you ever since you won that race from me the day I was kicked out of college. You drive your car like a professional. Have you ever been in a big race?

JONQUIL. Never, but I'd love to. To see the road and the scenery spinning away from you at fifty or sixty miles an hour, to feel the cut of the wind, to know that you have perfect control of your car as you hear the regular knock-knock of the engine, and to know that you are free, free and winning—ah, that is life.

BETTY. Bootles, why don't you ask us out to lunch? I'm so hungry I could eat a bear.

BOOT. I was just going to suggest it. Let's go over to the Inn. Tad will join us later.

BETTY. Oh, you're a dear. Come on, Jonquil. (*Exit C. D.*)

JONQUIL. I'm awfully glad you're not married, Bootles.

BOOT. And so am I. Say, how would you like to drive my car?

JONQUIL. Oh, could I? Would you let me?

BOOT. Yes, I'd let you, but you'd be the first girl who ever drove it. Come on. (*Exit C. D. with JONQUIL.*)

Enter RILEY from C. D. He is disguised as a Freshman and enters cautiously.

RILEY. Sure I'm on the trail. I'll introduce myself as a new Frishman and find out whether the boy is married at all, at all.

Enter LEVITICUS, R.

LEVITICUS. Here, boy, what you doin' here? What you want?

RILEY. Sh! Naygur, come here. I'm Riley, the cop, but I'm in disguise.

LEVITICUS. Go way, man; you do get so familiarious. What you want here?

RILEY. I'm trying to find out whether the young man is married or not.

LEVITICUS. Here comes de students now. You'd better ask dem.

Enter TAD, SCOTCH, SLIVERS, SHORTY and other students from C., marching lock-step and singing the chorus of "Boola."

TAD (*after song, comes to RILEY*). Well, who are you?

RILEY. Sure, I'm a Frishman at college. I'm a new student.

LEVITICUS (*draws TAD down R., others surround RILEY*). Say, boss, dat man is a detective. He is in disguise.

SLIVERS (*to RILEY*). Oh, so you're a new student, are you? Boys, he says he is a new student.

TAD. And do you know what generally happens to new students, Freshman?

RILEY. I do not.

TAD. Before you can be a student, you've got to take the third degree.

RILEY (*alarmed*). The third degree, is it?

TAD. Shorty, let's take him on a trip to the moon. (*SHORTY takes stout canvas blanket from bed and brings it to TAD.*)

RILEY. Sure, and I'll be taking no trips to the moon or anywhere else.

TAD. Oh, you won't. Ready, fellows. (*They seize RILEY and trip him.*)

RILEY (*on floor*). Help, help, let me out of here. What are yeez goin' to do?

TAD. We're going to send you to the moon.

RILEY. And right before me very face. Yez are not going to do onything of the kind. I'm no student. I'm Riley, the cop.

TAD. He says he's a cop.

SHORTY. He's a Freshman impersonating an officer. Toss him in the blanket.

RILEY. I'm Officer Riley and the whole boonch of yez is under arrist.

ALL. Throw him. (*They roll him in blanket and toss him.*)

RILEY. Hilp! hilp! I'm seasick.

ALL. Up with him. Here she goes and there she goes.

RILEY. Hilp! hilp!

Enter MR. B. from C. D.

MR. B. What's going on here, anyway?

BOYS. Just a little trip to the moon. (*STUDENTS run out C. D. and R.*)

MR. B. Are you hurt?

RILEY (*on floor, groaning*). Sure, I'm paralyzed. I'm goin' to have the whole boonch arristed for contempt of court.

MR. B. Well, what did you find out about Bootles Benbow? Is he married, or isn't he?

RILEY. The janitor of the building says he is not. It was all a joke on his old fool of a father.

MR. B. What?

RILEY. It sames that the old man was going to throw him out unless he got married, so he said he was married, and begorry the old simpleton gave him two hundred dollars a month. And he niver was married at all, at all.

MR. B. Oh, wait till I see him; that's all.

RILEY. Tin dollars, plaze.

MR. B. There's your money. Now get out and leave me alone.

RILEY. I'll go. I'll go, but I'll come back and pull the house. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter BOOT. *from C. D. with* JONQUIL.

BOOT. Dad, I have a confession to make. I'm not married at all.

MR. B. Yes, you young scoundrel, I know everything.

BOOT. That is, I'm not married yet. But I'm going to be. That is, I expect to be. This young lady has just consented to become my wife.

MR. B. Well, she'll marry a pauper, then. I've done with you. You are no longer a son of mine.

Enter MR. GEARS *from C. D.*

GEARS. I beg your pardon, I am looking for young Mr. Benbow.

BOOT. I'm the man. What can I do for you?

GEARS. My name is Gears. F. H. Gears. I'm the general manager of the Speed Motor Car Company.

BOOT. Glad to meet you, Mr. Gears. Won't you sit down. This is my father.

GEARS. We have received the blue prints of your air-brake, my boy. You are a genius. In behalf of my company I offer you five thousand dollars cash and a royalty of fifteen per cent on your great invention.

BOOT. Five thousand cash!

GEARS. I have the papers with me. Will you sign the contract?

BOOT. I'd sign anything for five thousand dollars. (*Takes contract.*)

Enter TAD, BETTY, SCOTCH, SLIVERS, SHORTY, STUDENTS *and all male characters from C. D.*

TAD. Great news for you, Bootles. The Senior class threatened to strike and the faculty have decided to let you come back to college and graduate.

BOOT. What! Is this true?

TAD. Every word. Shake, old pal. (*Shake hands at C.*)

BOOT. Tad, they've accepted my air-brake. I get five thousand dollars.

Music heard outside. And then enter, C. D., all female characters singing the chorus of Suffragette Song.

MRS. B. (*meeting BETTY*). Betty, come here. I want you to meet Bootles' wife.

BOOT. Oh, that isn't my wife. That is Mlle. Fleurette, the costumer.

MRS. B. But I don't understand.

BOOT. I'll explain later. Mother, I haven't any wife. That is, not yet. But if you will give me a little time I can supply the deficiency as soon as possible.

MR. B. Luella, come here. Our boy has been taken back into college.

MRS. B. Oh, Bootles, I am so glad.

MR. B. And he has earned five thousand dollars with his patent air-brake. Under the circumstances, I think the best thing for me to do is to forgive him.

ALL. Hurray!

TAD. What's the matter with Bootles Benbow?

ALL. He's all right.

TAD. Who's all right?

ALL. Bootles!

BOOT. I'm much obliged. And now that I'm a college student again let's all unite in the college yell.

ALL (*give local college yell.*)

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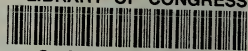
	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min.	2	3
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

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	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

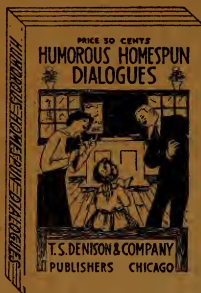
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